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PUNCH or The London Charivari—July 6 1955

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MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.

Bottle 33/9 • Half Bottle 17/7

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Player's complete it

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[NCC 9100]



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Godiva, the fire-fighting equipment that so rapidly earned a nation-wide reputation for efficiency, owes its success to the policy of continued specialization and development by

Coventry Climax
ENGINES LTD. COVENTRY

Backed by more than
50 years of engine
building

The **PLUS** POWER
HUMBER HAWK
WITH O.H.V. ENGINE



FAST on the highway...
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THRIFTY in every way!

All the luxury, the comfort, the built-in quality of a truly great car—
and over 80 m.p.h. too! You must test its brilliant performance—
see its elegant flair fashioned lines and try its deep-sent
comfort for yourself. Ask your dealer for a demonstration today.
And with **Overdrive** (available as an extra) still more m.p.g.,
still better performance and even less engine wear.

£695 plus p.t. £290.14.2 also Touring Limousine (with dividing partition) £775 plus p.t. £326.0.10.
White-wall tyres and chromium rimfinishers available as extras. **Overdrive** £45 plus p.t. £18.15.0.

By Appointment to the late
King George VI Motor Car
Manufacturers Humber Ltd.

HUMBER LTD. COVENTRY • LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION: BOOTER LTD. DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • PICCADILLY • LONDON W.1

When it's
an occasion...

Morning Suits for Sale or Hire



MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

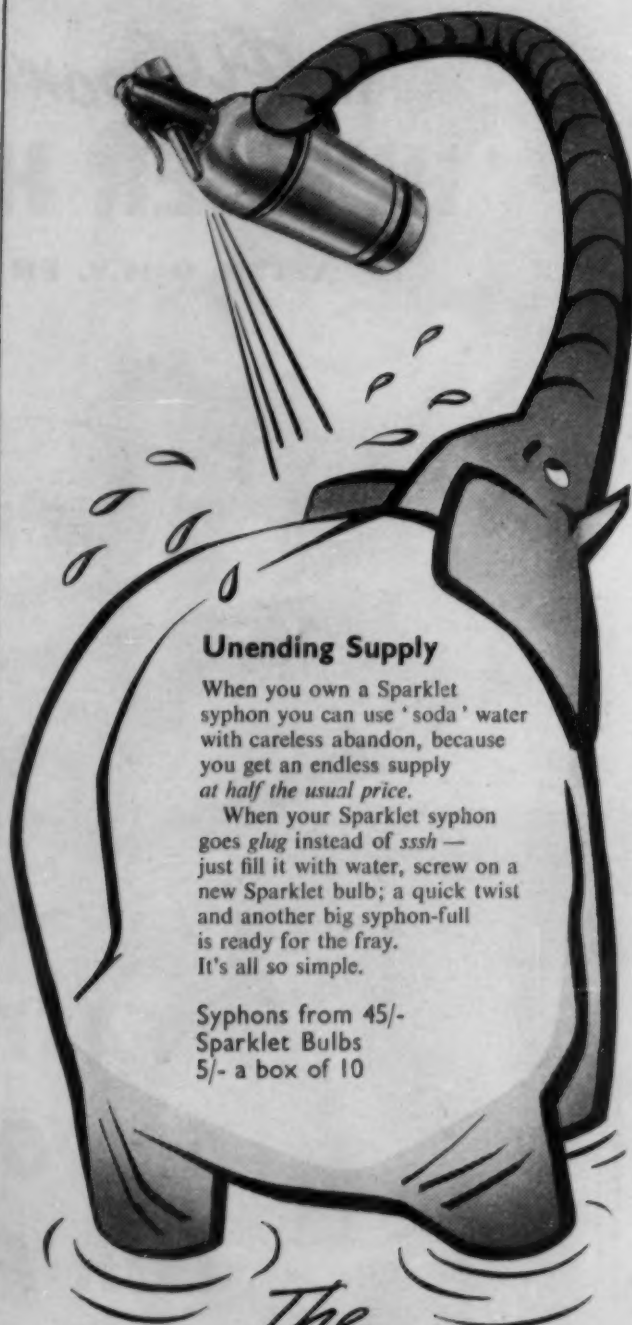
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Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES

all over the world
where good taste
and pleasure
meet

Dry Monopole
Champagne

DRY MONOPOLE
CHAMPAGNE
Reims
Established 1802

THOS & COY LIMITED & BULLOCKS LIMITED
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Unending Supply

When you own a Sparklet syphon you can use 'soda' water with careless abandon, because you get an endless supply at half the usual price.

When your Sparklet syphon goes *glug* instead of *sssh* — just fill it with water, screw on a new Sparklet bulb; a quick twist and another big syphon-full is ready for the fray. It's all so simple.

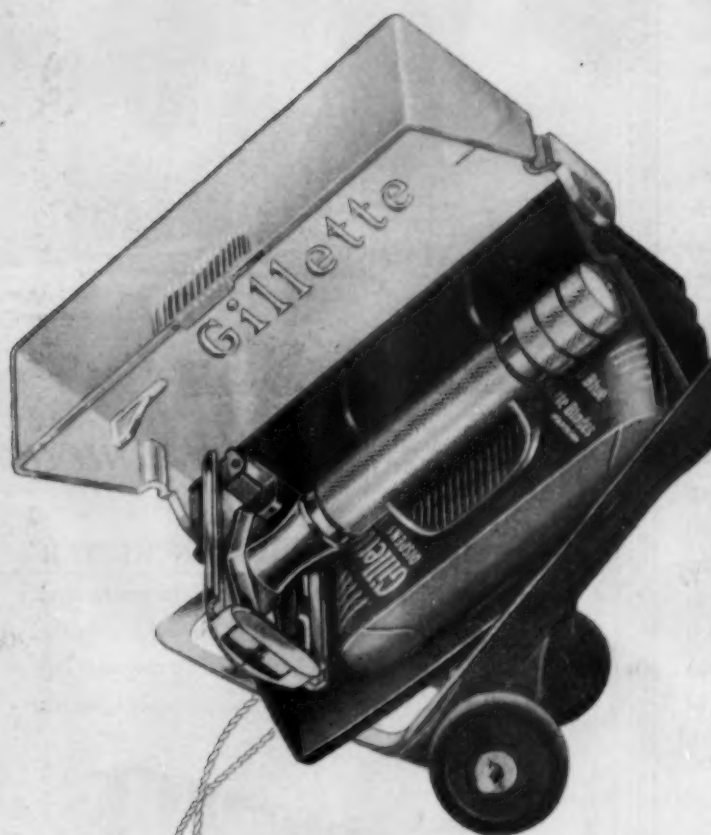
Syphons from 45/-
Sparklet Bulbs
5/- a box of 10

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YOU REFILL IT

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SPARKLETS LTD., QUEEN STREET, LONDON, N.17

Going on holiday?



Slip a Gillette 'Rocket' set into your bag



You can buy it for only 6/6—and there's years of enjoyable shaving here. You have the benefit of Blue Gillette Blades—the sharpest in the world—and a razor that's made to go with them.

This is no ordinary razor set. It contains everything you need for Gillette Superspeed Shaving—quick-action razor, and quick-feed Dispenser with 6 Blue Gillette Blades and discarded blade container. Put a 'Rocket' Set on your packing list and don't forget it.

JULY

DIPLOMATIC PRISONER

On July 27th, 1708, the London Ambassador of a great foreign power was arrested for debt in England and imprisoned. We name no names and point no fingers. Our foolish, fond, romantic idea had been that all ambassadors, and perhaps all diplomats, up to about the beginning of the First World War, were not only immensely handsome but immensely rich. When they were not dancing waltzes (or vales, rather) with a flash of ribbons and a jingle of pinned-on stars, they were shooting the presidential partridges, or riding on elephants, or doing something else essentially expensive. With a tendency to wear fur coats while other mortals wore mere coats, to wear knee-breeches while others wore trousers, ambassadors generally managed to look the part . . . of men apart. But fur coats, knee-breeches, swords, gold braid and plates marked CD for the back of the limousine . . . these things cost money. Ah well, in these egalitarian days, when many diplomats (it is whispered) live on their salaries and do not own yachts, it is good to realise that the number of ambassadors arrested for debt in any given week is rather small.



But the number of Midland Bank customers who go abroad each year is very large. And, whether they intend to "ride on elephants" or not, they know that their business affairs at least will be safe in the hands of the Midland Bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

LANDMARKS IN STEEL



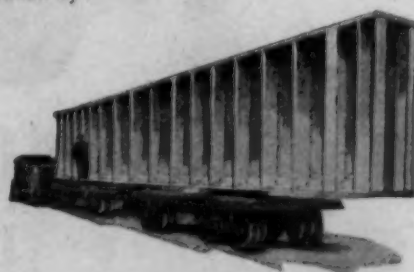
Architects and Surveyors: Harry S. Fairhurst & Son,
55 Brown Street, Manchester, 2.

STEELWORK

for Commerce

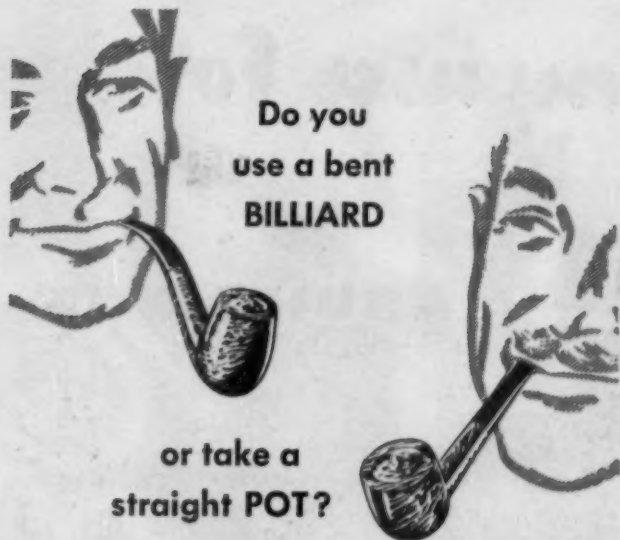
SHIP CANAL HOUSE, MANCHESTER

This fine building is the nerve centre of the great inland waterway, The Manchester Ship Canal and is also the home of The Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Big business is built on solid foundations and once again it's Steelwork by:



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Whatever shape your pipe—
FILL IT WITH
CAPSTAN
MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
It's good! It ought to be—it's made by Wills.
Also supplied in Full Strength. CT.2C



or can you
pull a fast one?

Slow on the uptake or mentally alert? Fit for a century or feeling *fin de siècle*?

There's no need to be caught out, bowled over or stumped by difficult problems—whether it's a matter of how to set a field for a left-handed seam bowler with toothache or how to handle a rich uncle who thinks he can keep wicket.

When the ball starts shooting or you're faced with amateur 'bodyline', you need your wits about you. Keen cricketers find Andrews a great help. But even if you can't tell a Chinaman from a Japanese umpire, Andrews is the answer. Keeps you fit and on your toes. Tastes good, refreshes you after a day in the sun. Test it yourself. It's unmatched.

ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL
Sun 29 185630	Sun 29 185630	Sun 29 185630	Sun 29 185630
Mon 30 185631	Mon 30 185631	Mon 30 185631	Mon 30 185631
Tue 31 185632	Tue 31 185632	Tue 31 185632	Tue 31 185632
Wed 1 185633	Wed 1 185633	Wed 1 185633	Wed 1 185633
Thu 2 185634	Thu 2 185634	Thu 2 185634	Thu 2 185634
Fri 3 185635	Fri 3 185635	Fri 3 185635	Fri 3 185635
Sat 4 185636	Sat 4 185636	Sat 4 185636	Sat 4 185636
MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST
Sun 5 185637	Sun 5 185637	Sun 5 185637	Sun 5 185637
Mon 6 185638	Mon 6 185638	Mon 6 185638	Mon 6 185638
Tue 7 185639	Tue 7 185639	Tue 7 185639	Tue 7 185639
Wed 8 185640	Wed 8 185640	Wed 8 185640	Wed 8 185640
Thu 9 185641	Thu 9 185641	Thu 9 185641	Thu 9 185641
Fri 10 185642	Fri 10 185642	Fri 10 185642	Fri 10 185642
Sat 11 185643	Sat 11 185643	Sat 11 185643	Sat 11 185643
SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
Sun 12 185644	Sun 12 185644	Sun 12 185644	Sun 12 185644
Mon 13 185645	Mon 13 185645	Mon 13 185645	Mon 13 185645
Tue 14 185646	Tue 14 185646	Tue 14 185646	Tue 14 185646
Wed 15 185647	Wed 15 185647	Wed 15 185647	Wed 15 185647
Thu 16 185648	Thu 16 185648	Thu 16 185648	Thu 16 185648
Fri 17 185649	Fri 17 185649	Fri 17 185649	Fri 17 185649
Sat 18 185650	Sat 18 185650	Sat 18 185650	Sat 18 185650

"YEAROUND"

BY

Lincoln Bennett

A medium weight felt hat suitable for year-round wear. Modern low crown style with fully adaptable brim suitable for either snap or off-the-face wear.

Quilon showerproofed. Oil-silk covered satin lining.

49/6d. AT LINCOLN BENNETT & CO. LTD.

162 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

6 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

BIRMINGHAM · MANCHESTER · GLASGOW

and from the best men's shops everywhere

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The design of Coseley Standard Steel Framed buildings ensures the choice of an almost infinite variety of sizes and uses which, once selected, can be supplied and erected in a remarkably short time.

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earn a tax-paid
return of
2 $\frac{3}{4}$ %

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-ABDULLA -

MAKE

THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES



Worried by
INDIGESTION?

I've found the answer!

"I had just the same trouble some years ago... such sharp pains after eating, I never really enjoyed a meal. But I found the answer... 'Milk of Magnesia'; it put me right pretty quick and has kept me right ever since."

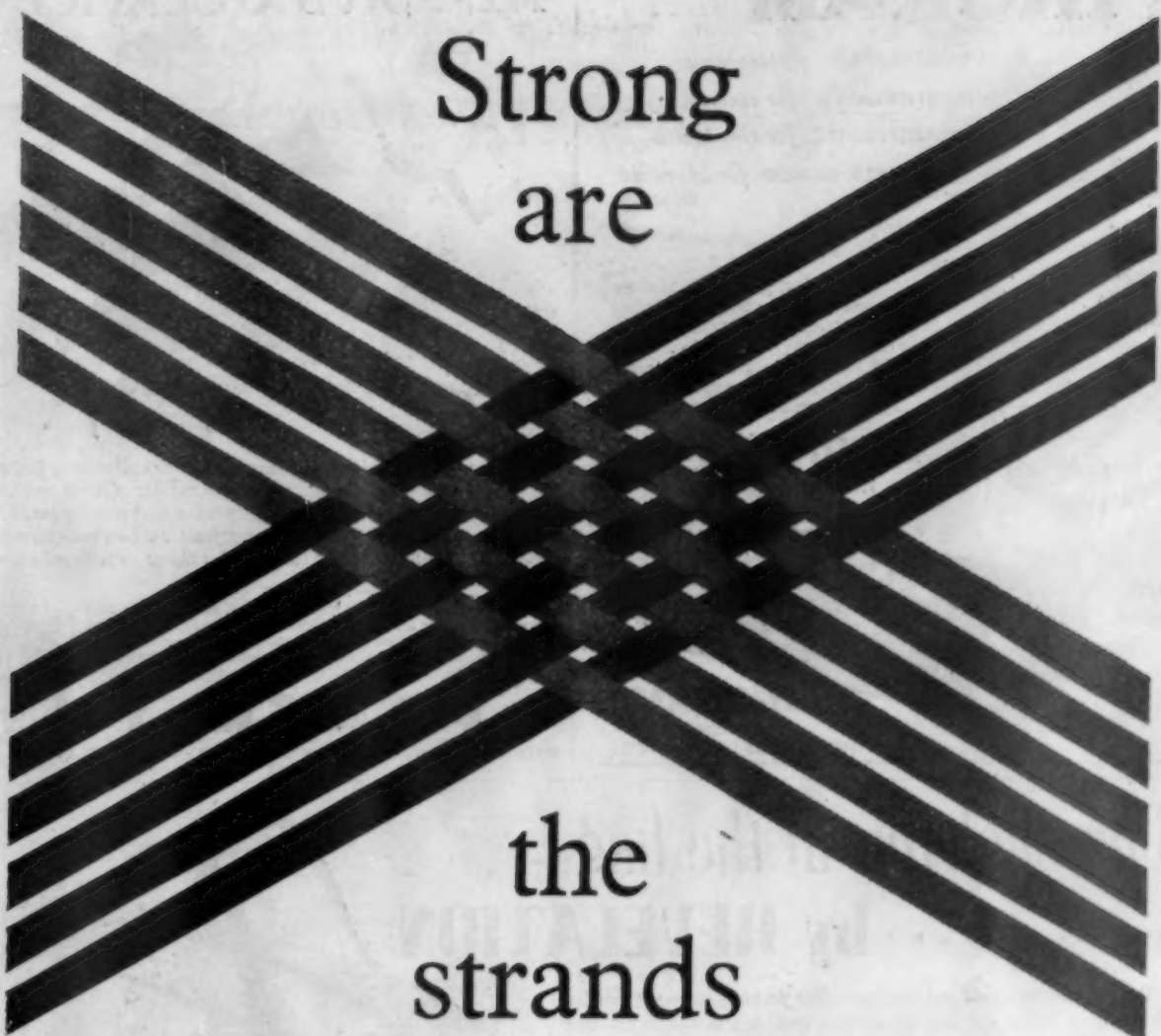
'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as an antacid—so it corrects acidity and keeps the system regular too.

4 oz. size 1/10—12 oz. size 3/8

**'MILK of
MAGNESIA'**

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion



Strong
are

the
strands

Twelve distinct strands make up the Crompton Parkinson organisation. Take them separately, and you will find, in each one, men who are thoroughly versed in a particular aspect of electrical equipment. Thus each strand is itself made up of strong, experienced fibre; but each strand is also part of the whole. Weave the strands together, and you have a vigorous interplay of ideas and experience, a flexible, powerful force which can undertake complete electrical installations anywhere in the world. That is Crompton Parkinson service.

When it comes to electrical equipment . . . you've
got to hand it to **Crompton Parkinson**
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MAKERS OF ELECTRIC MOTORS OF ALL KINDS · ALTERNATORS AND GENERATORS · SWITCHGEAR · H.T. TRANSFORMERS · CABLES
INSTRUMENTS · LAMPS · LIGHTING EQUIPMENT · BATTERIES · STUD WELDING EQUIPMENT · TRACTION EQUIPMENT · CEILING FANS

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- ★ **CONCENTRATED** for economy
- ★ **MENTHOLATED** for coolness
- ★ **ANTISEPTIC** for skin health
- ★ **SUPER-FATTED** for abundant lather



These four points tell the story of an Ingram shave—a tale with no sting in it. Ingram treats your face as it softens your beard, thanks to the copious lather and the lotion it combines. There's nothing cooler, nothing smoother than an Ingram shave. Try Ingram today!

INGRAM combines
its own face lotion



INGRAM
THE ORIGINAL
MENTHOLATED LATHER CREAM

RAISE YOUR PIMM'S TO ALOYSIUS O'CLAVICLE



This young Irishman who chased foxes, landlords and colleens indiscriminately in the middle of the last century and the Bog of Allen, met his end chasing a stirrup cup of poteen and gunpowder with flaming punch. Pity it was such a long way to Tipperary from Dickens's London where Pimm's No. 1—the cup that really makes things go with a bang—was just being invented.

Where there's a Pimm's there's a party, and if he's a wise party he mixes his Pimm's with fizzy lemonade, adds ice and garnishes with sliced lemon or orange, and cucumber peel if borage isn't handy. One bottle makes lots and lots of this spirited Cup.

PIMM'S No.1

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



The skeleton in the bag ... by REVELATION

Zip Bags have a hundred and one uses—for packing awkward articles such as shoes, books etc. and for picnics, golf, tennis and so on. But Revelation Zip Bags are smart as well. And it's their 'skeleton' that gives them their streamlined appearance.

The skeleton is a flexible cane frame, which keeps the bag in shape full or empty. This is the patented Revelation feature that really places Zip Travel-Bags in the category of smart casual luggage.

Other points to watch about these new Zip Bags are—rustless locks, I.C.I. 'Lightning' zips, handles securely fixed to take any strain. There are many different colours and sizes to choose from—including models to go with Revelation Matched Luggage. And they are surprisingly inexpensive.



2R10 Double-
texture Rayon Canvas.
Five colours, 16", 18",
21", 24" sizes. From 32/6.

2R42 Green or
brown fine quality
Willenden Canvas,
trimmed Coach Hide. 21",
24", 27" sizes. From 97/6.



2R51 Oatmeal colour Irish Linen,
trimmed green or red. 16", 18", 21",
24" sizes. As illustrated (18") 55/6.

FROM STORES AND LUGGAGE SHOPS

REVELATION LUGGAGE makes packing easy

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON W.1 Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd

We both had the last word —and chose the A 30 Seven



AUSTIN A30 4-DOOR SEVEN

One of the world's most economical cars; easily maintains good average speeds; takes four adults in comfort — with luggage. Price: £355 plus £149.0.10 p.t. There is a 2-door model also.



OUR AUSTIN SEVEN was (and is) the last word in miracles. When we chose it I didn't need any of the persuasive arguments I had ready. In fact, he seemed to think I needed convincing! "It's a bargain," he said, "I mean, well, look at it!"

What she saw in the Austin Seven

She saw a car with a sweet, trim line. And a surprising roominess. A back seat more than large enough for their three children. Plenty of leg-room for everyone. A boot planned for family luggage. Foam rubber cushioning. Safety glass windows all round.



What he saw in the Austin Seven

He saw just what he wanted in a car, at a price that was right for his bank balance. A small family car with many big car advantages: independent front suspension; four-speed gearbox; overhead valve engine; up-to-the-minute refinements. A driving seat he could relax in. Controls neatly grouped under his eye. A deep windscreen and down-tapered wings to give him a splendid forward view.

Why they chose the Seven

Its comfort delighted her. And such a practical car too. Simple to drive. Manœuvrable. Nippy in traffic and a pet to park. Just right for tootling round town on shopping expeditions.

He liked its behaviour on the open road. Speeding at 60. Cruising happily, steadily at 50. He liked the way it held

the road, the masterly cornering, the ease with which the springing smoothed out bumps.

Why the Seven is a bargain car

They were more than satisfied with its economy. Their Seven does up to 45 miles to the gallon. Never causes them a moment's trouble. And has the greatest Austin asset of all — dependability. There are years of money-saving motoring built into that Seven. Into every Seven. Into every Austin.

Colour Choice

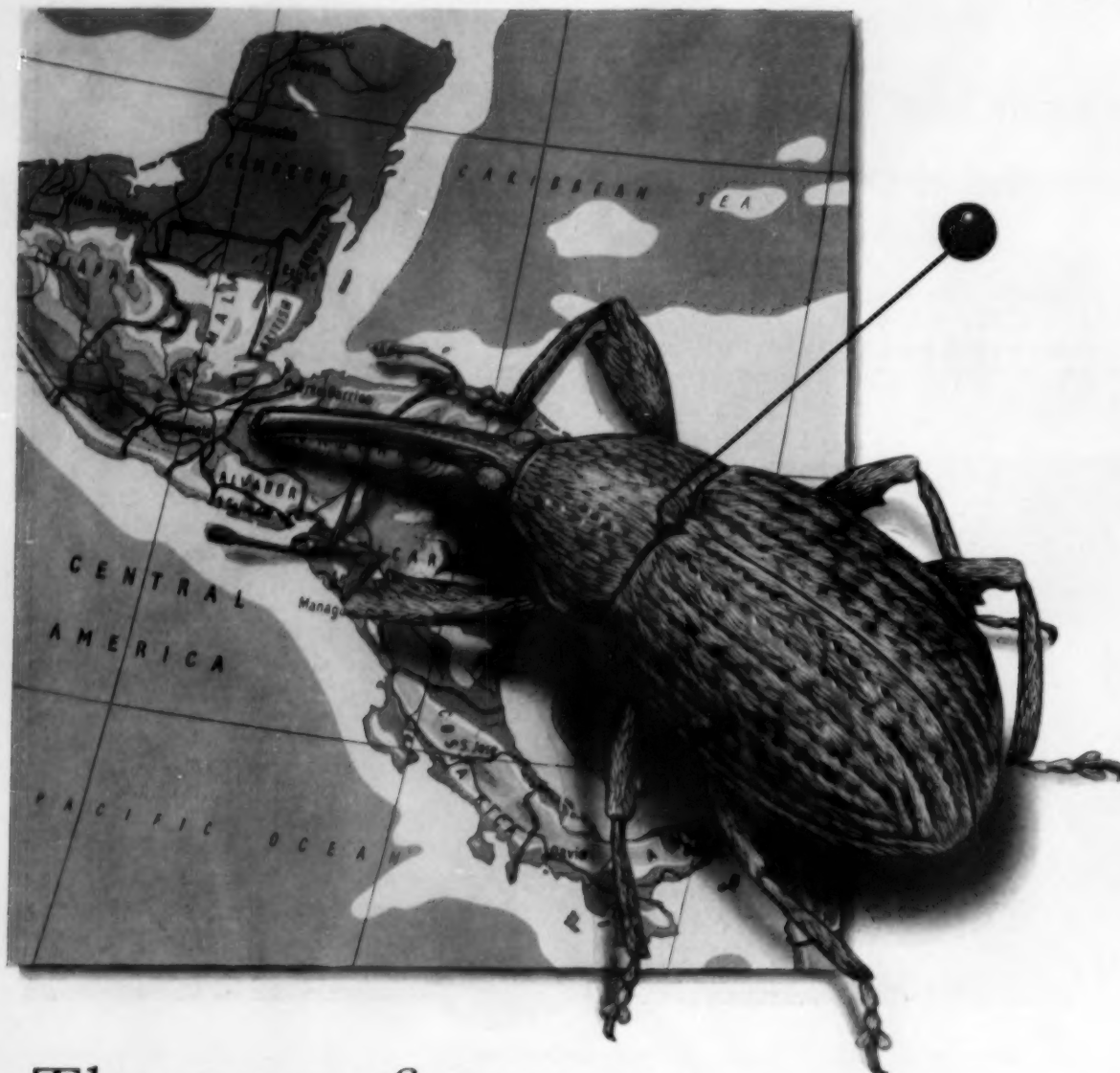
When you choose your Seven, you choose your favourite colour too. There is a wide range of schemes for upholstery and coachwork. Kay Petre, Austin colour adviser and famous racing motorist, has devised them.

REMEMBER! Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

AUSTIN — you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · LONGBRIDGE · BIRMINGHAM





The case of *Anthonomus grandis* . . .

With its rounded, armoured body and long snout, the boll weevil under a magnifier looks like a visitor from outer space. Although only about a quarter of an inch in length, it is one of the most widely destructive of all cotton pests, causing losses that run into millions of dollars each year.

In the cotton plantations of Central America boll weevil has long been a particularly difficult problem, for this is its original home, where warm winter temperatures favour its survival and encourage breeding. Cotton growers have spent fortunes on insecticides to control boll weevil, with varying success, but now the arrival of aldrin has given them a very much more powerful weapon. Aldrin, an insecticide recently developed by Shell, is proving outstandingly successful and is rapidly coming into use throughout Central America, wherever cotton is grown.

Just 2 to 4 oz. of aldrin, as dust or spray, gives full control over boll weevil in an acre of cotton, offering a higher degree of protection at lower cost.

Long-lasting, non-staining aldrin is the most effective of all insecticides for use in the soil. Because of its great stability, it is ideal for compounding with fertilizers. Aldrin's wide range includes many pests previously difficult to "get at" economically.

Another recently developed Shell insecticide is diadlin, possessing exceptional persistence. On foliage, diadlin controls a very wide range of weevils, beetles, flies and other crop-eating pests. It is also extensively used as a residual spray against disease-carrying insects.

Have you a stubborn pest problem to deal with?

aldrin

aldrin and dieldrin are **SHELL** insecticides for world-wide use



For further information apply to your Shell Company

Issued by The Shell Petroleum Company Limited, London, E.C.3, England.

ici on parle...

Hier spricht man...

Se habla...

Parla...

NEVER MIND what they speak in the particular spot where you've planned to catch the sun this year. We can help you wherever it is. We can get your passport for you. We can be helpful in the transhipment of your car. We can explain the regulations which will affect the financial side of your journey. And, of course, we can supply your foreign currency and Travellers Cheques. Service like this provides one of the reasons why...

**You should bank
with the Westminster**

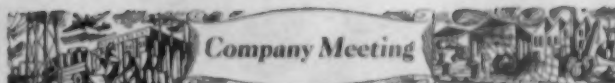
Westminster Bank Limited



*'Quality
Sells'*

Discerning palates know which bottle holds a good Scotch Whisky. Those who are accustomed to the mellow smoothness of VAT 69 will tell you it's worth asking for — by name.

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH, London: 63 Pall Mall S.W.1



RICHARD COSTAIN LIMITED

Continued Home and Overseas Expansion

SIR RICHARD COSTAIN ON THE YEAR'S DEVELOPMENTS

The 22nd Annual General Meeting of Richard Costain Limited was held on June 30 at 111, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1, Sir Richard Costain, C.B.E. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement.

The Group's Trading Profits for 1954 amounted to £471,032 compared with £354,017. The net balance of profit applicable to the Parent Company is £245,110 compared with £105,094 and the amount brought into the Parent Company's accounts is £106,633.

During the year we have continued to make capital profits on sales of fixed assets and these have been added to the General Capital Reserve Account. Having regard to the capital profits realized, the Board have already distributed a further Capital (tax free) Bonus in February 1955.

In view of the continuous development of the Company's business it is essential to retain a substantial proportion of profits in the business and for this reason the Board recommend that the Ordinary dividend be maintained at 10 per cent., apart, of course, from the capital distribution to which I have already referred. It is our policy to conserve abroad profits arising overseas, so far as practicable, so as to provide funds for future operations. You will therefore note that a considerable amount of profit has been retained by subsidiaries during 1954, particularly on overseas business the profits from which have not been remitted to the U.K.

At Home

HOME CONTRACTS: Your Company is obtaining its full share of the considerable capital development schemes which, at the present time, are keeping our Industry fully occupied.

These schemes include a number of large factories and offices for leading British industrial companies. Among the works for local authorities good progress is being made on the Northern Outfall contract at Beckton for the London County Council, whilst our Garry contract for the North of Scotland Hydro Electric Board is proceeding satisfactorily. The Usk Reservoir with its attendant pipeline and water treatment works for the Swansea Corporation is now completed and I am gratified to be able to say that Her Majesty The Queen has graciously agreed to open this important undertaking in August of this year.

The Area branches have completed some notable buildings and works, in particular the Royal Insurance Building at Plymouth, and the new Silver City Airfield at Ferryfield.

COSTAIN CONCRETE LTD.: The production of railway sleepers has continued during the year and considerable development work has taken place on other pre-stressed products; in particular, the Stahlton Floor, which is being widely specified by prominent Architects and Engineers.

OPENCAST MINING: Your Company has taken a leading part in the operations of Opencast Mining and has dug, during the year under review, over a quarter of a million tons of coal. As a result of our progressive policy in this field, we have recently been awarded a contract for over 5,000,000 tons, which is the largest contract yet placed in the British Isles.

COSTAIN JOHN BROWN LIMITED: Our Associated Company Costain John Brown are continuing to expand their chemical engineering business and have obtained contracts from the Government and from chemical firms.

Work Abroad

CANADA: We have increased our interest in the Leeds Construction Limited and extended operations to Toronto. While there are considerable potential developments in Canada, it must be realized that this is a very competitive field. From a long term point of view, however, we believe the Company is well advised to have interests in this Country.

KUWAIT: The new Power Station in Kuwait was completed well ahead of schedule and in fact has created a record for speed in constructing this type of project.

WEST AFRICA: Your associated Company, Costain (West Africa) Limited, having now been in operation for seven years, is proving itself a virile and progressive Company. The profits that have accrued from this Company have been largely ploughed back for further development and expansion.

RHODESIA: Our two subsidiary Companies continue to make a considerable contribution to development in the Rhodesias. This contribution covers a wide variety of work. The range includes hospitals, blocks of flats, Government Hostels, European housing and other types of buildings.

The proceeds of the Preference Issue which was made early in 1955 have increased the resources of the Group available for development purposes, but these developments do not necessarily immediately result in increased profits for your Company. I would, however, emphasize the strong capital position of the Company, which, with our capital and other profits retained in the business, continues to strengthen. I hope this trend will continue in the future.

Bad weather in the first three months of the year has delayed progress on our Home Contracting side but with the prospect of improving weather we hope that this situation will be rectified.

The report and accounts were adopted.

**32-MILLION-MILE TEST PROVES
GOODYEAR TUBELESS 5 TIMES MORE
TROUBLE-FREE THAN ORDINARY TYRES**

**NEW Freedom
from Punctures**

**EXTRA
Burst Protection**

**LONGER
Safer Tyre Life**



In a 32-million-mile tyre test, the most rigorous ever made, Goodyear Tubeless proved themselves five times more reliable than ordinary tyres. Built with exclusive Grip-Seal Construction they provide greatest ever puncture and burst protection, longer safer mileage, fewer roadside delays and an all-round better ride.

Get these advantages and enjoy this new standard of trouble-free motoring by fitting these great new Goodyear Tubeless NOW. Mount them singly, in pairs or full sets, on all wheels (except wire) of 16" diameter and under.

REPLACE YOUR OLD TYRES NOW WITH GOODYEAR TUBELESS!

They cost no more than an ordinary tyre and tube



CHARIVARIA

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S scheme for an "atomic merchant ship" to sail round the world on a good-will mission has drawn sharp criticism from Admiral Hyman Rickover, who says that the project would interfere with the U.S. Navy's programme of atomic submarines. Someone now has to break it to the Admiral that this is the whole idea.

Heavy Reserves

CRITICAL shareholders need not be upset by reports that prominent London business men sunbathed on their office



roofs during the fine spell. There was nothing wrong, said eye-witnesses, with their gross turnover.

Duty to the Public, etc.

THE court-martial of a British soldier in Germany not only gave our papers an opportunity for fully detailed illustrated reports but prompted a humanitarian editorial note in the *Daily Express*. This pointed out that the accused was being marched to the court room in handcuffs "in full view of German civilians." Luckily, however, no German civilian was likely to see very much through the throng of British Press photographers.

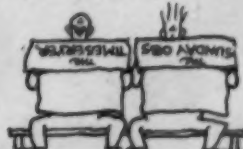
"Life is Only . . ."

It was considered pretty daring of the B.B.C.'s television service to present

an actress in a bubble bath the other Wednesday night. However, when the soap war really gets going on I.T.A. every night will be bubble-bath night.

Saw It In the Papers

CONNOISSEURS of the distilled biography are twice blessed when *The Sunday Times* and *The Observer* pick on the same celebrity for their portrait and profile. Mr. Dom Mintoff's double choice afforded an interesting study. Dom (short for Dominic, said the *Times*, Domenic according to *The Observer*) is now 39 (38 in *The Observer*). When he graduated from the University of Malta in 1937 he was already deeply immersed in politics, said *The Sunday Times* (but he entered politics in 1945 in *The Observer*), and studied in this country



before returning to Malta in 1944 (1943 in *The Sunday Times*). He lives in a villa at Pawla, so far as readers of *The Sunday Times* know, though *Observer* readers may argue hotly that his home is "at Tarxien, outside Valetta."

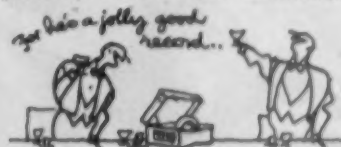
Are You Sleeping There Below?

AN interesting naval spectacle took place at Hartlepool last week when the frigate *Eglinton*, "cathodically protected" as a ship of the Reserve Fleet, was stripped of her peacetime swaddlings and experimentally rushed into a state of wartime preparedness; as an

Admiralty announcement put it, she had her "kooncoting and dehumidification equipment" removed. More interesting still, for any old salts who happened to be about at the time, was the smart way the officer in charge of the operation rapped out the necessary commands.

Unaccustomed As They Are

WHEN Kettering Scientific Society had a dinner the other week the ten speeches were recorded beforehand and



played back. "People who know they have to speak," explained somebody, "can't relax and enjoy themselves. So we thought canned speeches would be a better idea." It also gets round that old difficulty about canned speakers.

Any Advance?

PRODUCERS of the B.B.C.'s comedy shows, when next reminded by sour critics that humour should reflect real life, can silently point to last week's report from Dungannon, Tyrone, where an auctioneer cried "Going, going," tapped his hammer, and saw his assistant disappear through the floor into a cellar, followed by a hundredweight of nails, fifty bidders and a pig-feeding boiler.

Scrubbed

TOPICAL advertising has something to recommend it, no doubt. But the recent launching of "an apt present for a tennis-playing friend—soap which

looks like a tennis ball" caused far too many British contestants to use these at Wimbledon by mistake.

A Balanced Nation

WHILE police in Tokyo were arresting over a hundred people for drug trafficking, and China was being accused in New York of flooding America's west coast with narcotics, the Persian Prime Minister was announcing measures to



curb the opium trade and Canadians were reading with alarm an official report charging laxness in controlling heroin consumption in Vancouver. Britain perhaps doesn't show up too badly after all, with its mere 4,600,000 television addicts.

Absentee Age

UNDER the title "The Services and Your Career" the findings of the Advisory Council on the Relationship between Employment in the Services and Civilian Life have now been published in pamphlet form. By a happy chance, this came out on the same day as reports of a seventy-five per cent walk-out by soldiers from the Territorial Camp at Weybourne, suggesting that the Services and Civilian Life can be pretty much the same.

Tears in Your Eyes

EXPECTED any moment over here is the latest dance rage from New York, in which the main thing is "to fox-trot with one leg and waltz with the other." The effect when a whole ballroom gets going on this is said to resemble any industrial dinner-dance as the senior executives take the floor.

Just Out

THE Monopolies Commission's Report on Collective Discrimination Comes as a bit of a shock to certain sections of the nation: Especially the ones who've been so insistently on the trail of it, And now that it's published find they can't make head or tail of it.



THE NEW SCHOOL TIE



THE Headmaster of Cheltenham thinks that incorrigibly idle boys should be expelled, or super-annuated, or what have you, to make room for the more industrious. This, the various enlightened persons have explained in letters to the papers, is as wrong as wrong could be. If the boy is incorrigibly idle, that is entirely the fault of the master who has failed to stimulate him. Things should never have been allowed to get to such a stage, and final, drastic punishments are themselves a confession of failure.

That where the boy is found to be incorrigibly idle the master should be sacked is, I think, by now generally agreed, but I am, I confess, more interested in what is supposed to happen at these earlier stages where correction is still possible. I imagine scenes like these.

"Jones, this is perfectly disgraceful," said the Headmaster. "How many more times shall I have to tell you that *ut*, implying purpose, must be followed by the subjunctive? I am afraid that such rank carelessness reflects the very greatest discredit on myself"—and deftly slipping down his trousers (for such a thing, alas, had often happened

before) the Headmaster handed the birch to the unstimulated Jones and knelt obediently at the whipping-block.

Or

TOLPUDDLE (to his Housemaster): I am afraid, sir, that Button and I have deliberately broken bounds and gone into the "Lamb and Flag" and had a couple. It is a very serious offence.

HOUSEMASTER (grasping at a straw): Are you quite certain that it is specifically forbidden in the rules?

TOLPUDDLE: I'm very much afraid, sir, that there can be no doubt about it whatsoever. If you had given us the moral inspiration which Mr. Abstract gives to his pupils we should never have dreamed of doing such a thing. I am very sorry, sir, but I am afraid that I must ask you to bring me three hundred lines by to-morrow lock-up.

BUTTON: Sucks to you, old fish-face.

TOLPUDDLE (in shocked tones): What did you say, Button?

BUTTON (insolently): I said "Sucks to you, old fish-face."

TOLPUDDLE (to Housemaster): I'm afraid that that will mean an extra fifty lines, sir. Button would never have dreamed of addressing you in such an insolent fashion if you had had Personality.

But it is the Headmaster's mother whom the Progress Boys have forgotten. It is she who, if they are not careful, will cook these lads' goose for them and have the lot of them in court:

"Mrs. Keate, the Headmaster's mother, explained that the Doctor was of a shy and sensitive disposition. He was often unable to sleep at night after a boy had spoken to him rudely.

"Under cross-questioning Bunter major admitted that he had put the fire-work under the Doctor's chair. For that, of course, the Doctor must take the main part of the responsibility, but Bunter conceded, under pressure, that if he rightly bore any share of the blame for what he had done he would express his apologies. The defendant was bound over under his own recognizances to make no more false concords during the next two terms." C. H.





NO VICTIMIZATION!



"Oh, nothing immediate, it's just that in case of war I'm determined not to be caught unprepared."

The Hydrohgen Bomb

By CLAUD COCKBURN

A FORTUNE in it, apparently, seeing that you pay whatever it is—easy enough to check—in a London restaurant for so and so many ounces, and those people down there throw them back into the sea. So we got in the car and headed west. We made very good time, too.

Right at the outset hardly more than a few people were very nice to us, and these were people who chanced to be ignorant of the business. They had other interests. And in any case we had no wish to enlighten them as to what the business was, because there was a fortune in it. This is what makes it hard to do business.

You know and I know that the habit of throwing them back into the sea originates—as do originate so many of these traditional practices which are at first sight assumed by the superficial to be irrational—in an instinctive understanding of scientific fact. Like all those

rules in Deuteronomy, and also Mohammed was right, because in the desert sun things go bad quicker.

Same thing with these crabs. There's a bit in them somewhere which is, or can easily become, poisonous, and in the old days people were uncertain which bit it was, and they knew they were uncertain, and so, in a sense, they were right.

But not so to-day, when you might easily pay eight-and-six—all right, say seven-and-six to be on the safe side—for a good portion of dressed crab in a good restaurant, and then there's transport and so on and all you have to do is work out the difference, and then you go down there and you say to these people "Look, don't throw them back into the sea."

But when we got there it turned out scores of people had had the same idea, and in any case there really is a kind of snag in it because what you have to do

to the crabs immediately after landing them is freeze them. You need a freezing apparatus which is quite expensive, and when we got down there in Kerry we found that people there, experts, have already drawn up a Report to the Government on the entire issue, showing what could and should be done, with proper official support. Say £5,000.

This left us cruising about the roads beside the ocean looking for an objective, and we reached the point where, if the objective couldn't be business, we would settle for knowledge, a fuller understanding of the total situation. The further north we went, the more people said that in that case the man we had to see was Mr. Buck—though at no time did we find out whether Buck was his surname, or his first name, like Buck Rogers, or some kind of nickname. Not that it mattered at all.

What did matter was that it was a long way to go to the place where he

had boats and his hotel and his half-share in some kind of bus, and nobody could explain clearly just why this Buck was supposed to know it all.

When we set eyes on him we understood. Even the way he put his feet down as he walked towards you announced that this was a man who knew more than you did, and when he halted his bulk in front of you behind the bar you felt immediately that whatever you had in mind was trivial and mistaken, and you were ashamed to have interrupted him in his thoughts and purposes.

To have asked whether he was "busy," and apologize for "taking his time," would have seemed an impertinence—like asking a Cardinal whether he is busy. Also, one was not going to have a chance to "take his time." He gave us only enough of it to make a survey of us which weighed us up and found the result no more than he had expected, listened to a couple of questions with his eyes on the scud

beyond the windows, sighing a little at—it seemed—the folly of mankind, and, after a few remarks in a tone which engulfed us in a sense of futility, was seen to be already wrestling his huge shoulders into his yellow oilskin and examining his oilskin sou'-wester as carefully as though it were a space helmet and he just off to Mars.

We were left with his wife, a pretty girl, though worn and harassed and all the time on the run hither and thither about the hotel, or shouting into the telephone on business connected with this bus or lorry or whatever it was. Very brisk, yet her voice and movements gave the impression not so much of businesslike activity as of a frenzied hither-and-thither dashing to shore up a structure that is falling down.

She, unlike Mr. Buck, was ready to have her time taken up, but that was embarrassing too, because we felt that if we took too much of it something would cave in for good.

Still, by lunch-time, which was nearly

two hours after Mr. Buck had left, Mrs. Buck had spent several inert periods in the bar, deserted except for ourselves, and we had chatted with her of our experiences, explaining—since it seemed necessary to do so—our presence here and intrusion upon Mr. Buck.

We explained about the crab business which had proved illusory, and then how we had thought that as we were in these parts anyway we might find some other business—possibly connected with lobsters, for example. And if not any business, then we were interested in knowing just how things were—the general situation, life and labour of the people and so on.

She listened amiably but unresponsively—like the clerk when you have addressed yourself to the wrong department. Every so often she would say "Well, of course, Mr. Buck would know about that," or "You could ask Mr. Buck about it."

Would Mr. Buck be likely to be back soon? Or even late? That was entirely



Eric Burgin

"Confidentially . . ."

uncertain. Mr. Buck, she said, with a hint of censoriousness, was, of course, very busy. With the fishing? His fleet of boats? The lobster pots and so on? Of course.

Visibility beyond the windows was low just now, and we looked out over the misted sea, thinking of Mr. Buck cut there toiling and tossing upon the waters, his head stuffed with knowledge and hard-learned skills. But his hotel, no doubt because his heart was elsewhere, seemed a good place not to eat in, so we pretended we had people to visit farther up the coast, and set out to drive ten miles to the town where a good hotel was supposed to be. We said we would be back—later to-day or perhaps to-morrow—and would hope to have the chance to talk with Mr. Buck.

We took the steep road that went winding ruggedly up from the little harbour, and at the top, because we could see a rift coming in the clouds, stopped for a while so that when it came we could contemplate the scene, appreciate the picturesque. When it did come we could see clear to the end of the little stone pier or jetty of the harbour, and in the momentary sunshine was visible Mr. Buck, sitting on a bollard at the end of the jetty with his oilskin hat pushed back from his head, looking like a monument to fishermen swallowed by the waters, he sat so awfully still.

We stayed away longer than we had intended, and at about four o'clock next day we came back down that same road and from the very top of the hill we saw the jetty, with Mr. Buck sitting on the bollard at the end of it.

We thought we would go to the hotel and park the car and get a drink, and then we would go down and talk with Mr. Buck. We said as much to Mrs. Buck, and she said—in between running

hither and thither and shouting into the telephone—that of course Mr. Buck was very busy.

Well, of course, we said—and how had the fishing been? A lot of lobsters? No. None. No fishing. The atmosphere, throbbing with the activity and thoughts of Mr. Buck, made us nervous, and we stayed drinking for a little while before we went to the jetty.

The way he slowly moved his head to look at us, dredging up his attention from somewhere far away, made us feel, with our light chat and questions about this and that, as though we had flagged a transcontinental express to put aboard it a parcel of eggs.

That was the first thing, and then he must have felt, somewhere in the next five minutes, that we were becoming irked, beginning to note that his attitude, which we had thought monumental, was also one of repose, and that whatever he was busy at was not evident to the human eye.

He favoured us with a long, gloomy sneer.

"What's the matter is," he said, "is the hydrohgen bomb."

His manner was so compelling that when I asked him what exactly this "matter" was, I found myself using his own pronunciation—hydrohgen, with the accent of doom on the "oh."

His sneer was now extended to a slow, equally sneering shrug of his oil-skinned shoulders, intended to say that if we didn't know that, what was the use of talking to us? His eyes briefly reviewed the horizon and the waters, as though, by reason of our frivolous chatter, he might have missed an important development. He sank into an immobility hardly distinguishable from sleep.

In anger we returned to the hotel and asked exhausted-looking Mrs. Buck for another drink, and what was this matter of the hydrohgen bomb?

As before, her conversation was disrupted by evidently urgent tasks and telephone talks.

Well, of course, you had to admit, she said, that the hydrohgen bomb was a bad thing. It meant there were no lobsters, no fish, and if there were,

they would be contaminated, so where would be the common sense in Mr. Buck going out to toil upon the waters? No sense at all, as Mr. Buck would tell us himself, but it was bad because it meant that with Mr. Buck unable to work at the fishing, it meant that everything was dependent upon the profits of the hotel and the bus business.

And it wasn't as though there not being any fishing meant that Mr. Buck could lend more of a hand in those departments, because he had to spend his time down there on the jetty—sitting and keeping an eye on what might happen now that the hydrohgen bomb was in among us.

Other people had come into the bar now, and a man said, in the manner of one who has said it before and will say it again, that what Mrs. Buck ought to do would be to get a chap from the Government down and take tests of the sea water, and it would be proved free from contamination and then Mr. Buck could go fishing again, instead, said this man in a spiteful way, of squatting half asleep on the jetty all day.

Mrs. Buck said it would be no use, and, much later, when Mr. Buck came striding masterfully home from his day's occupation, he confirmed it would be no use at all. What, he shouted, did the Government know of the truth about the hydrohgen bomb?

"And even if," he said, slapping his hand on the bar and challenging everyone with his eyes, "even if they proved that, I read the other day where the new secret sound waves from this Television are so strong they can shoot the barnacles off a boat. You'd need be damn careful before you'd go fishing with stuff like that shooting through the waters. There's a lot of things to watch out for nowadays. Maybe," he lowered his voice menacingly, "worse than the hydrohgen bomb."



"Big House, U.S.A." (Gaumont, to-day, Tuesday, Wednesday, cert. U). Jerry Barker (Ralph Meeker) is sent to prison for kidnapping, although really he should have been on a murder charge. In his cell are 400 gunmen, who are determined to escape from prison. The way they do this is unusual, but not unusual enough."

North Devon Journal Herald

They had to cope with an unusual situation, though.



A Disquieting Judgment

By H. F. ELLIS

(Written at white heat, on reading that the Court of Appeal had rejected the claim of Folk Dancing to be included among the fine arts; and offered, severally and unsuccessfully, to sixteen national newspapers for use in their leader columns.)

THERE is a consensus of opinion, among lawyers no less than laymen, that a court of law is by nature unfitted to pass judgment upon questions of taste and artistic appreciation. To this belief overt expression has from time to time been given in the pages of our contemporaries whenever some author or publisher has been called upon to defend himself against a charge of excessive liberty, or licence, in his published works. Why then should we be silent when a Court, however eminent, finds itself compelled to pronounce upon the status of so esoteric an art as the English Folk Dance?

With the purely legal aspects of the dispute between the English Folk Dance and Song Society and the Valuation Office we are not here concerned. Leave to appeal to the House of Lords has been given, so that it would, in any case, be improper to comment in detail upon matters that are still, to an extent, *sub judice*. But wider issues are at stake. Constant vigilance is the price of liberty, and where the public conscience sleeps it is the duty of a national newspaper to sound a warning and, if need be, a call to action.

Folk dancing embraces within its scope the whole history of the human

race. It is only necessary to glance through the first thousand pages of *The Golden Bough* to become aware that the origins of our own native dances—the Morisco of Bampton-in-the-Bush, the Bacup Coconut Dance, and many more—lie buried deep in the primitive observances of our ancestors before the dawn of civilization. That the characteristic opening sweep, or “whiffing,” of their weapons practised by the Sword Dancers of Handsworth has its roots in a ritual exorcism of evil spirits—so much we may safely conjecture. But of the significance of the inward twirling of the free leg in the Galley, or Hook-leg Step, of the Cotswolds, little as yet is known. And whence stems the rhythmic tread of the Flamborough Fishermen as they weave their intricate convolutions on the windswept Head? There is matter here, and to spare, for a lifetime’s study.

Yet it was upon such dances as these that the Court of Appeal had perforce to pass immediate judgment. No one would dream of doubting the competence, the wisdom or the impartiality, in all ordinary matters, of such distinguished legal luminaries as the Master of the Rolls and his co-judges, Lords Justice Jenkins and Parker. But these are not ordinary matters. What,

it may fairly be asked, does Lord Justice Jenkins know of whiffing? Has the Master of the Rolls—and in putting the question we are not unaware of the seriousness of the issues involved—ever played the Hobby Horse in the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance? Would he even now, at the conclusion of a test case of grave moment for the whole future of the English Folk Movement, be able to take his place with credit in the final figure of Lads a Bunchum, as danced at Adderbury, Oxon? The public has a right to ask these questions, and to demand an answer. Folk dancing, whatever their Lordships may say, is no mere frolic. When a skilled dancer is at the height of his powers “the whole upper part of the trunk” (we quote from *England’s Dances*, by the Director of the Folk Dance and Song Society) “can be lifted up from the pelvis like an egg out of an egg-cup.” This is a manœuvre, we do not hesitate to say, beyond the grasp of a busy judge of the Court of Appeal. The Bench of this country are revered, and rightly revered, for their knowledge, acumen and integrity. But reverence must halt on this side idolatry. It is permissible, and pertinent, to inquire whether Lord Justice Parker, to take a name at random, is properly qualified to say whether the raising of the upper part of the trunk to this degree should, or should not, rank among the fine arts.

Much remains to be said. The scanty references in English legal textbooks to such matters as the Double Caper, the Kick-back, and My Lady Winwood’s Maggot could be instanced as straws in the wind, pointing the way to reform of the Law’s rôle as critic of the Arts. But it will be time enough to animadvert further upon these matters when their Lordships have pronounced final judgment in the Upper House.



"At least this puts an end to his 'Oh, my poor feet!'"

"VIRGO.—Aug. 23 to Sept. 22. A pretty easy and carefree week. The only thing which may cause concern is the health of relatives, and you may be asked to help them later. There'll be a pleasant surprise on Saturday. Don't believe all you're told."
Woman's Own

We won't.

The Priesthood of the Press

By LORD KINROSS

THE power of the Church, in this enlightened age, is being superseded by the power of the Press. Humanity once took its problems to the priest or, if of a lay disposition, to the family doctor. To-day a beneficent State is eliminating the family doctor, as in time it will surely eliminate the family; and a beneficent press provides a hierarchy of lay priests and priestesses. Its High Priestess is a lady named, with appropriate symbolism, Ann Temple (her real name is double-barrelled, with a county ring) who presides over her mysteries in a Confessional, high above Fleet Street, financed by the *Daily Mail*. A lady of motherly disposition, wearing a rope of pearls, she is indeed the Mother Goddess incarnate, dispensing oracles of wisdom by correspondence, to a million supplicants, through a column entitled *The Human Casebook*—or, as a correspondent once put it, *The Human Bookcase*.

This lady is indeed all the Pantheon rolled into one, but more especially the Goddess of Love. For this is a malady endured by the greater number of her supplicants. "Is first love the best love?" they sigh. "What exactly is this spring feeling? . . . I'm half-way to being in love with him but am held back by his manners (especially table) being rather uncouth . . . Why do some women fall in love with doctors?" The Temple oracle replies to them all, with Delphic diplomacy. Rose, whose unofficial engagements are always petering out, learns that she is "in love with love"; Peter, inclined to be "more of an idealist, a seeker, a thinker" than his practical fiancée, is advised to be grateful for twenty-five per cent isolation and seventy-five per cent harmony: "She doesn't talk, she doesn't help, but you would rather have her there than not there."

Asked what are the chances of a happy marriage between an intelligent, vivacious teacher of twenty-eight and a solid, plebeian farm-worker widower of forty-eight, the oracle replies: "As long as youth, vivacity and intelligence do not nag at plebeian stability, and plebeian stability does not douse the gleam of vivacity and irritate intelligence all could be well." To make friends, "feel friendly and look it"; to know

your faults, take heed that "to be an honest thinker is to know oneself."

Conundrums are met with a Delphic obscurity. To her question: "Is it possible to tell whether the man is in love with the girl when he has never said he is, but looks as though he were?" Pauline gets the reply, "If she wants him to be in love with her leave it to her to make him look like it." The dogmas of an age of psychiatry receive due respect: "If my husband becomes impatient and cross when I am off-colour," it is "one of those tiresome legacies of guilt in childhood." Cultivating charm is a matter of breaking down the defence-mechanisms that have accumulated round the personality.

When Amanda, seeing someone she knows and likes in the street, feels her face "beginning to assume what I am sure must be a forbidding expression of coldness, and even annoyance," it is "a substitute symptom for some hidden fear."

But on the whole the oracular pronouncements are downright enough: "Do the hard thing and snap right out of it," the Priestess commands. "Use your head as you think of him . . . Stop being so politely and patiently persevering . . . Dare yourself to go to that dance and enjoy it!"

Miss Temple is a lady of practical disposition. Women who can't find husbands are advised to move to



localities where there is a surplus of men. She has methodical habits, listing her suppliants so:

County	Subject of Problem
Kent	Wants to have poems published.
Worcestershire	Man haunted by feeling of guilt when he enjoys himself.
Dorset	About dressing mole-skins.
Hucks	Girl distressed at discovery father not married to mother.

Dublin	Wants to be police-woman in Scotland.
London	What religious teaching should atheist mother give her children?
Wiltshire	Haunting indefinite fear.

Each region, she has discovered, has its own characteristics. Shropshire people are deeply concerned with etiquette—"the placing of guests at table, the mode of addressing an archbishop,

the correct serving of asparagus, even the leaving of cards." Yorkshiremen are cultured and ambitious—like Mr. J. B. Priestley. Lancashire women are gamblers. Cornishmen are secretive, Cumbrians contemplative. The men of Dorset are taciturn: "He uses few words, like his father before him and his grandfather and his father before him too." Analyzing her suppliants by trades, in a Ballot of Happy Marriage, Miss Temple diagnosed that inventors are a hundred per cent happy, teachers only fifty per cent happy, and dentists not happy at all. The happiest marriages are those of farmers, gardeners, clergymen and sailors.

The advent of the Socialist millennium has bred a universal desire to rise in the social scale. Hence the oracle of the day is advisedly an arbiter, not merely of the ordinary social conventions (whether to go on inviting a married couple who "go for each other" at TV parties, how to address a greetings telegram to a wedding of two doctors) but of those subtler shades of snobbery to which social progress is slowly awakening the people.

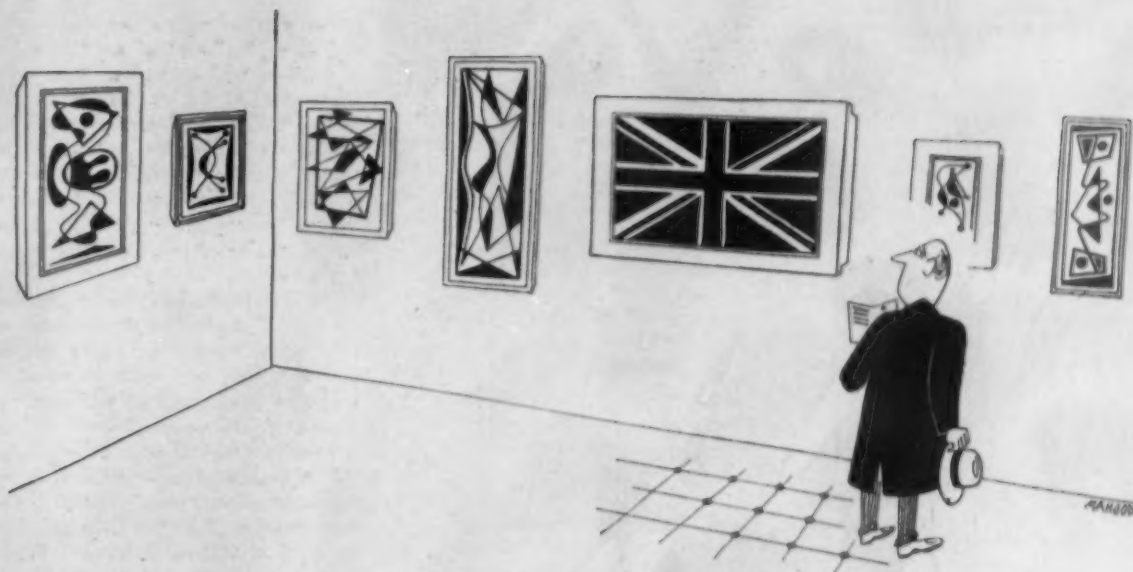
Her accomplishments are indeed various. She writes speeches for nervous bridegrooms and speakers at Rotary luncheons. She puts schools into communication with tribes of Red Indians. She tells her suppliants what books to read, where to go for their holidays, what to do for a hobby (growing herbs for the lady who loathes knitting and sewing, and would like stamp-collecting but hates stamps), or how to improve their looks ("When beginning to yawn, your tongue rises to the soft palate and your cheek muscles slide back towards the ears—those are the movements that give the face a pleasant expression.")

"How can I get myself into a state of mind where I honestly don't care about my husband's tremendous popularity? . . . When shaking hands with a person who has lost his or her right arm or hand should one proffer the right hand or the left? . . . I am unable to exist on an intellectually stimulating level with any of the older generation (I am twenty-five) . . ." The Priestess has answers for them all. She had one even for the lady who wrote:

"Dear Ann,—Could you please help me to find a genuine gent? I have never met one."



"I don't mind the sign. It's the way he keeps looking at his watch that worries me."



Thoughts at a Convention of Pens

By STEPHEN SPENDER

FEW conventions of American life are more intimidating than Conventions. To appreciate their full horror you would have had to have attended the Convention of Embalmers I once stumbled on—was it at Misoula, Montana? Wearing cowboy hats and suitings of wide flapping beige-coloured cloth, they shot up and down the elevators of the hotel. They filled the room next to ours with clinking and laughter, and, mingling with real cow-girls from some real Chorus, at dusk they rode on white horses down wide streets. At meals, across the air-conditioned coffee room, they measured one another with post mortem glances.

I was reminded of the Embalmers' Convention when attending a recent convention of writers—the PEN Club Congress at Vienna. The atmosphere was more Charles Morgan than morgue; it is true, and Vienna was wonderful; but there are facts which have to be faced. Seeing a great hall in the Hofburg filled with one's colleagues makes one realize that the proper environment of writers is not other writers. It is not readers even, I suspect. The ideal writer-reader relationship is Pen Pal, or pin-up O.M., rather than PEN Club. The nearest live reader should be kept as far away as possible from the platform where the immortal is reading

from his works. The lighting requires thought.

The correct subject-object relation for the Writer is to be present anonymously, like a king in disguise, among his "subjects" the live persons whom he turns into his dead characters, or the beloved who does not love him back in his sonnets.

The Writer's glance should be covertly surgical, without his wife, or other heroine, realizing what it means. Baudelaire compared the act of love to something which took place on the operating table. As long as the loved one was the negress, Jeanne Duval, this was all right, because she did not read Baudelaire's Journal and poems. But supposing it had been a lady writer—George Sand or George Eliot, for example—the gazing at one another with surgical pens would have been horrible. The Count and Countess Tolstoy, writing journals about one another through all their married life, were a kind of PEN Club in permanent session.

The intensive application of writers to other writers at a Writers' Convention gives rise, I fear, to these morbid thoughts. Add to this that the writers all come from different countries: you

get an effect of pre-arranged Babel. Few writers comprehend that there are other writers—even in their own language. As for writers in other languages, these, unless Modern Classics, are just lists. The French have a way of showing what they really think when, saluting the achievement of the Modern American novel, they reel off sentences which read something like: "*Le Roman Américain: Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Le grand Falconère, Caldwell, Mitchwell, Gardener, Steinberg.*" That is a perfectly correct attitude for a writer to adopt towards the great contemporary foreign achievement. The French do it so well that no one else dares do it back on them. Contemporary foreign writers, apart from the few it is not safe to ignore, are just the first names you think of.

"We are proud" though, in Vienna—"to welcome in our midst the greatest living contemporary Ruritanian poet, and critic." Bald head, a shiny nose, a few white curls that pour right down the back of the neck into the drain-pipe of a collar. Credulity should not be strained by too many such incarnations.

A woman like a Victorian sofa, hung round with black satin tassels, weighs in. "*Diss ist our gross luriher poet Grischa Turk-Abscheu.*"

Grey, balding, weight-putting-on poets ourselves, we like to believe that



poets in languages we don't read look not like poets but like poems: then we need not bother to read them. But the PEN Club provides no comfort. It thrusts forward the tatty reality. Tormenting questioning is the diet PEN Club members feed on. Perhaps Sappho looked like Grischa? Of course, she must have done so. For if she had looked like a poem of Sappho there would have been someone else to write it about her. Sappho must have looked like Grischa, on a PEN Club outing at Lesbos—an outing of lady novelists.

Here we are then, at the Palace of Schoenbrunn. Massed candelabras and tall oblong silver vistas which—through fearing Miss Nancy Mitford might be here—we must call looking-glasses (just as we try to think of the title of our President's early novel as *Portrait in a Looking-Glass*). Ten minutes ago the boards branched jellied meats like

loaded vines. But the locusts, with a whirring noise like many typewriters, have stripped them bare.

We are evidence that life has ruins, in this city where the Opera is about to reopen, and devastation has been put straight. Perhaps this is because we express the spirit of the age. Even the best dressed does not look (under the candelabras and the statues) as if she has on anything better than a mackintosh strung round with chains of diamonds. Our gathering (one cannot call it "little") looks like some huge canvas by a social realist painter who has been influenced by surrealism, illustrating the crossing of the Hapsburgs with the Kitchen Sink Group. Portraits and statues reproach us as though we were a Revolution (just what we aren't). They gaze down on the triumph of the Second Rate. (Yet if this were a Convention of the bewigged pock-marked

artists whose dreams those statues are, we might feel the same about them.)

Worst of all, one is not sure, from appearances, who is second rate. A fearful feeling that injustices might be done haunts the sensitive snob. I would know, perhaps, a Dante, but that patented sour look over there might conceal something very special; and that mouse by the sideboard might produce a mountain.

For one cannot detect the created life, the crystal image, behind the mask of the Writer, any more than one is troubled by the dead, hen-pecked sculpture lurking in that white marble Venus. And supposing that a Rupert Brooke does look like his writing—that too is disconcerting—like seeing an actress be, sweetly simply, herself. The best President the PEN Club ever had is, I think, Charles Morgan. Yet to hear him make a speech like a character of Charles Morgan gives an effect of double bluff: or of writer taking the bread out of character's mouth.

I have found one last sandwich. And now, who is this lady, advancing towards me, with her sideways nodding tiara showing what wonderful things can be made from a husband's pipe-cleaners? Now I remember. She is a poetess of forgotten committee meetings. We share the common guilt of past platforms, previous Writers' parades. She much assisted certain miners in the Great Slump by getting them to build a swimming pool in her wood. We called her than Lady Gore-Blimey—on account of the simple invective with which she introduced and excused the following train of her accent. But why does she give me this look of Banquo's ghost at the PEN Banquet, and why does her husband, the cricketer barrister, seem to hurry her by, like a terrier tugging its mistress onwards at the leash? I know now. Once I committed against her, *crime professionnelle, crime passionelle*. She stalked through a paragraph. I had better hide.

The End and the Means

"Other changes related to the agenda and included the decision to reduce the number of items from seven to five by incorporating two items under the existing main heads. Thus 'Peaceful uses of nuclear energy' was placed under 'Economic co-operation' and 'mass destruction' under 'Promotion of Peace.'"
—*Calcutta Statesman*

Off With His Tonsils!

By RICHARD GORDON

RESEARCH has started at Farnborough Hospital which seems likely to uproot one of the milestones of British childhood, like measles or Confirmation. Now that removal of the tonsils has been practised by surgeons all over the world for the best part of fifty years we are about to discover whether it does anyone any good. Of a thousand Kent children who ought to have their tonsils out, five hundred will and five hundred won't; and a year later the doctors will decide which bunch is the more flourishing.

Whatever they find, I don't expect tonsillectomy will disappear from the British surgical repertoire. It has long outlived contemporary operations such as visceropexy—the surgical anchoring of abdominal organs for the cure of visceroptosis, a disease now eradicated through the discovery that it never existed. It enjoys a robust popularity because it expresses five leading principles of practical surgery:

1. *It effects the removal of an organ of which the function is practically unknown.* The operation cannot therefore be accused of causing any specific harm by judge, jury, or coroner.

2. *It can be performed for almost every clinical condition, or even in perfectly healthy children.* This clearly increases its value, as it can be used in the treatment of any complaint from persistent apple-stealing to fits. (Psychiatrists have been tried for the same purpose.)

3. *Although relatively easy to perform, the operation is sensational enough to merit substantial fees.* One tonsillectomist in the 'thirties achieved the ideal ratio between income and leisure by strolling into the anæsthetic room, shaking his patient by the hand, uttering a few dignified words of comfort, and retiring to smoke a cigar while his house surgeon gladly got in a bit of practice.

4. *The turnover is quick.* Although children are no longer shot into the street as though they had been having their hair cut, tonsillectomy doesn't fill the hospital wards with patients eating their heads off for weeks on end at the Government's expense.

5. *It impresses the audience.* E.N.T. surgeons are all energetic, wristy men who manipulate a tonsillar guillotine like d'Artagnan with a rapier. The operation is generally conducted in the exuberant cut-and-thrust atmosphere which disappeared from other theatres with the invention of anæsthetics:

"... I say, Percy, did I remember to tell you that ridiculous story about—Come along, young feller! Don't be afraid of us all dressed up like the Klu Klux Klan—this hydrogen bomb business? Apparently the Government were a bit worried about the casualties in London—Just jump up here, sonny, and what's your name? Johnnie, eh? That's a fine name, isn't it? Bite on this gag, pretend it's a bit of Brighton rock. Right-ho, Percy, go ahead with the

dope... And quite rightly so, of course. So like all governments they set up a committee—Don't worry, Johnnie my boy, just blow away the doctor's nasty scent. Do you still tell 'em it's scent, Percy? I thought kids these days knew all about barbitures and ethyl chloride and things. Learn it at school, I expect.

"Well, this government committee sat for months and months and months—Right, Percy! Out of my way, now! Sister, haven't you got that guillotine ready yet? Damnation! You've had a good five minutes since the last case... thank you. Here goes number one... for months and months, Percy, and at last they came to the Minister of whatever it was and said 'We have finished our report...' Gag over the other side. Look lively, man! Watch, sister, how I go right down to the tonsillar bed without nipping the pillars. See? So the Minister fellow said 'And what, gentlemen, is your recommendation?' Upside down—come on, nurse, don't want the little fellow to choke, do you? Curette, sister, thank you very much, over we go, one, two, three... and the chairman said 'Our recommendation is simple. In the event of threatened atomic attack you must immediately appoint another dozen London coroners.' Right, Percy, he's coughing beautifully. How many more?"

And if that doesn't cure the poor child, there's still his appendix.



Good-bye, Old Gaiety

By G. W. STONIER

FRASCATI gone, Holborn going, going . . .

The auctioneer gives a quick look round, repeats "Eighty-four shillings, any advance on eighty-four shillings," pauses, and down comes his hammer. Four dozen of Beaujolais 1950 Supr.; and the man beside me, who has worked out his buy at 7s. a bottle, waits while the next lot, similar to the first, fetches a pound more, smiles, picks up his hat, and goes.

Melancholy as princes deposed are these restaurants in decline! Romano! Gatti! When was Charing Cross no longer a gateway to Empire, and when did gentlemen in the Sudan, with their camels shot under them, cease to dream of walking the Strand?

The Holborn must have come later. With the turn of the century the West End was pushing to its furthestmost point east. A new Gaiety stirred Aldwych, and at the top of Kingsway, with such a congestion of marble as must have gladdened shopkeepers and been the envy of bank directors, rose the Holborn Restaurant. Pillars grew; staircases fanned; mosaics multiplied; stained glass bloomed; gilt shone; and how long it all took, in those years before the giant crane, who can tell? Are there archaeologists of such things?

"Lot 458, Bouchard, sixteen half-

bottles, similar, and nineteen half-bottles . . ."

In a few weeks the break-up men will be making short work of this monumental outpost which has weathered two wars and more than a half-century.

How gay it all was—or could have been—must remain deliciously in doubt to anyone, like myself, who came in only for its later or utilitarian phase. There was a steady traffic to a long bar, part modernized, for home-made sausages and mash; a room called, I think, Newton provided light menus in which occasionally Swan's Wing would hint at the bacchanalian night gone; in various quiet lounges and corridors a coffee or a sandwich might be had. It was, on these outskirts, busy, if subdued. At night, after an opening bustle, the long bar would grow ever longer and stiller; a hush seemed to have crept up from the City, punctuated by the newsman's cry. I used sometimes to sit on, alone or with friends, curved on a stool, enjoying bitter or sherry and that reiteration of oneself in mirrors before and behind that so enhanced the mausolean charm of the place. I would lift my glass. A dozen I's lifted glasses. We paused. Had I had—not one, but eleven ones—too many? There was reassurance in the old lady who served us: *barmaid* she scarcely was, having

been there since the beginning, or before. From time to time festively armoured strangers would look in; there would be snatches of music; overhead, chairs would be moved, feet would softly gallop; though whether in some old dance or in weird obedience to masonic rites . . .

"Thirty-five bottles Clos de Tart 1949, French bottled . . . A hundred and twenty?"

"Sixty."

"A hundred, let's say . . ."

According to an expert, prices are running high: one could do as well, better, at a wine-merchant's. But who would go to the wine-merchant when the Holborn's cellars are running out?

We are in the main restaurant. It makes rather a splendid valediction: the hall with its three balconies and the glass roof a hundred feet up, the auctioneer's dais, the two very long tables at which sit most of the bidders, a few seated or standing beside. There are women as well as men, taking notes. Between the parallel tables walks the porter holding up a specimen bottle, and it might be Exhibit A paraded before an exceptionally large jury.

Otherwise the hall is empty, bare. Some mirrors have gone. The pillar I am leaning against bears a lot number. Earlier in the month everything—chairs,



stair-rods, tables, the giant stand displaying the orchestral number, chandeliers, urns—everything that could find a new owner—went. Yesterday afternoon it was clarets: *O saisons, O châteaux!* This is the Holborn's last day. No wonder the dignity of the occasion impresses a cat that has wandered in from some alcove, and walks off again along dark corridors.

Coming to champagnes the auctioneer exerts a new authority, the pace briskens. Bollinger, Heidsieck, Veuve Clicquot—prices are soaring into hundreds. The small restaurateurs are silent. Krug and Mumm. A tall pink gentleman surrounded by ladies has come into the picture. He wears a fresh buttonhole: his the smile of the flourishing Expenses Account.

Eloquent grows the bidding. Heads are nodded, pencils raised, fingers flicked, catalogues waved. The first magnum makes its round; and one non-buyer is so moved that he insists on taking the bottle in his hands and canting it gently—as though it might not be real. But it is, though the name may not be known to all—Irroy, 1945.

Over the Moët Premier Cuvée (so designated) there's quite a scene. The pink gentleman seems to have it within his grasp—what a party he'll give!—he has flung off all adversaries, when we are aware of a new challenge. The auctioneer himself, like a stage manager,

explains the situation. "It is now," he says, "between a lady in the balcony and the gentleman on the floor"—as it might be Romeo and Juliet. He flashes spectacles from one to the other. I can't, even by craning, catch a sight of her, but the dialogue between them goes breathlessly. The gentleman is ardent, the lady resists. Higher, higher they soar. Each darted glance, each flutter of the catalogue, is a lyric.

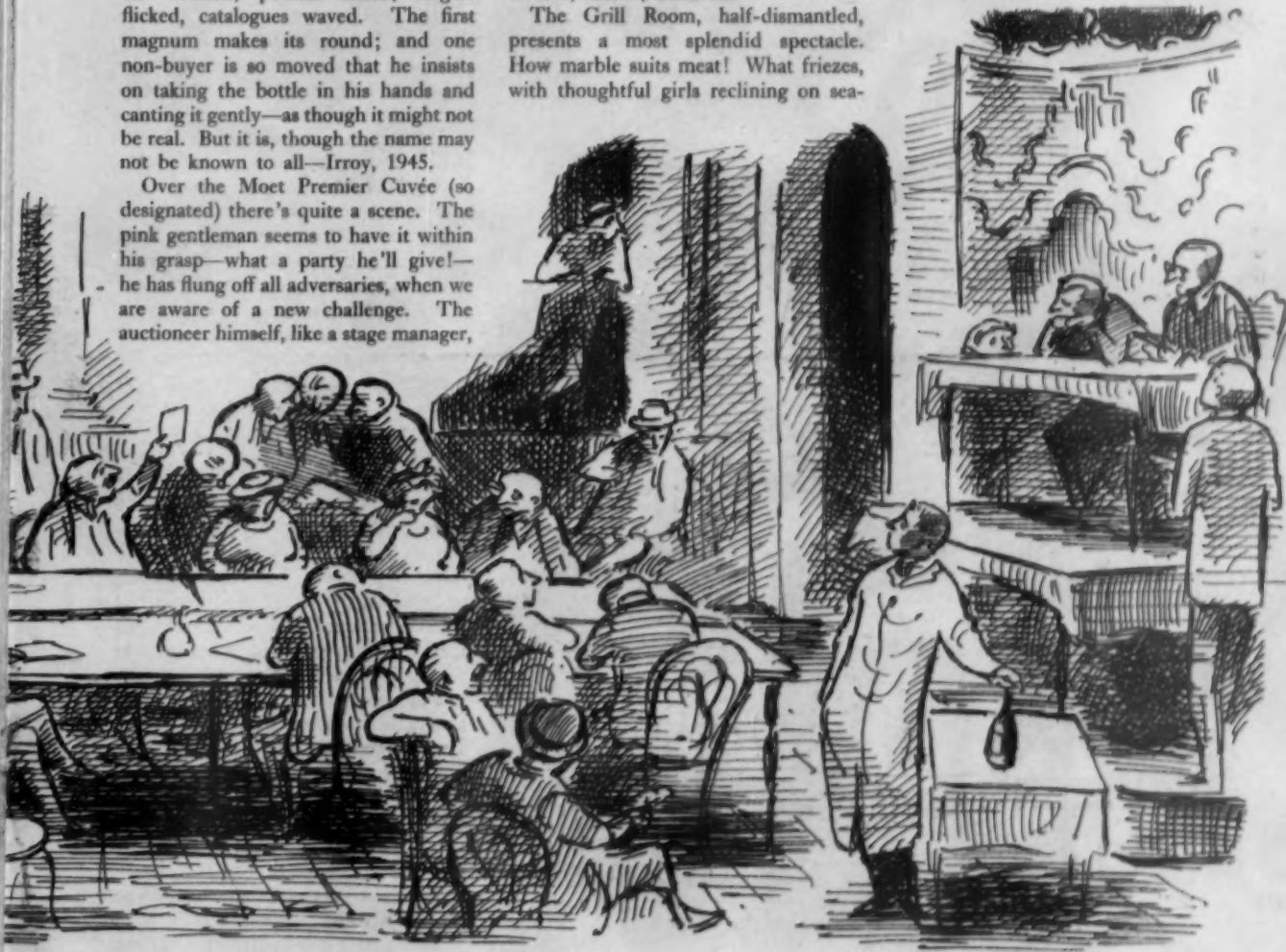
And then the lady falls silent. Won't she speak? The auctioneer pleads. Unwillingly the hammer descends; and with a sigh we return to earth and to Lot 521.

I wander off to take my last look at many things: the Psyches of the Long Bar, the gilt fingers pointing To The Temples, the marbled toilets, the ambassadorial stairways, Venetian Rooms, Salons, Galleries.

The Grill Room, half-dismantled, presents a most splendid spectacle. How marble suits meat! What friezes, with thoughtful girls reclining on sea-

beds as though they were their own! And here is one with her head in a lion's lap: the lion turns out, on inspection, to have a masher's moustache. And the gold leafage! And the crimson embossed paper! And the mirrors leaning against pillars! But the glory of it all is the huge grill overmantel bedight with stars, rams' heads, sheaves, goddesses of the feast: a Babylonian high altar. Will this—in some Hertfordshire villa—survive?

On my way out I pass the auction-room door, where they have shifted from Moselles to Australian Big Tree; where the auctioneer's carafe of water remains untouched, and two spectacled ladies in straw hats wait on (but for what? Ports and Cigars?); out along the street to sit with a friend awhile, enjoying a glass of Sylvaner.



Have Monocle—Will Travel

By ALEX ATKINSON

(Miss Vicki Benet, an American TV star, is reported to be offering a contract of a thousand dollars a week to any suitable British peer who will go to California to appear on television.)

DEAR MISS BENET,—I beg to apply for the post of television Peer which I understand you have vacant.

I am a Lord. I and my whole family have been at one time or another connected with show business, an ancestor of mine having received a title for arranging an intro for the King with Nell Gwyn in an old-world alley off Drury Lane, London, and my grandfather having in his younger days been highly thought of by a Miss Prissy Beaufort, a chorus lady, who was to have been my grandmother but who subsequently eloped with a Spanish nobleman, taking the watch which was to have been mine at age twenty-one. I also once had the honour to be presented

to Mr. Terry-Thomas. So you see the smell of grease-paint is no stranger to me, to say nothing of narrowly missing being given an audition for the famous Greek drama, *The Frogs*, written specially for the nobility by William Wallace. I had a bad cold at the time, but am proud to say was on the short list for programme sellers and went backstage to see the flowers. I am sure I could arrange a glimpse of Royalty for you at the next show, as I am in touch with Mr. Rex North and other influential personalities.

You need have no fear of getting me past the Customs in America, as my family have been Tory for generations, the family motto being in Latin, the translation being "Elephants, wishing

to cross a stream, always send the weakest first." I am a staunch supporter of freedom, Mr. McCarthy, and racial discrimination, and my present job is connected with the selling of motor cars. I also have an interest, on my mother's side, in a small night-club.

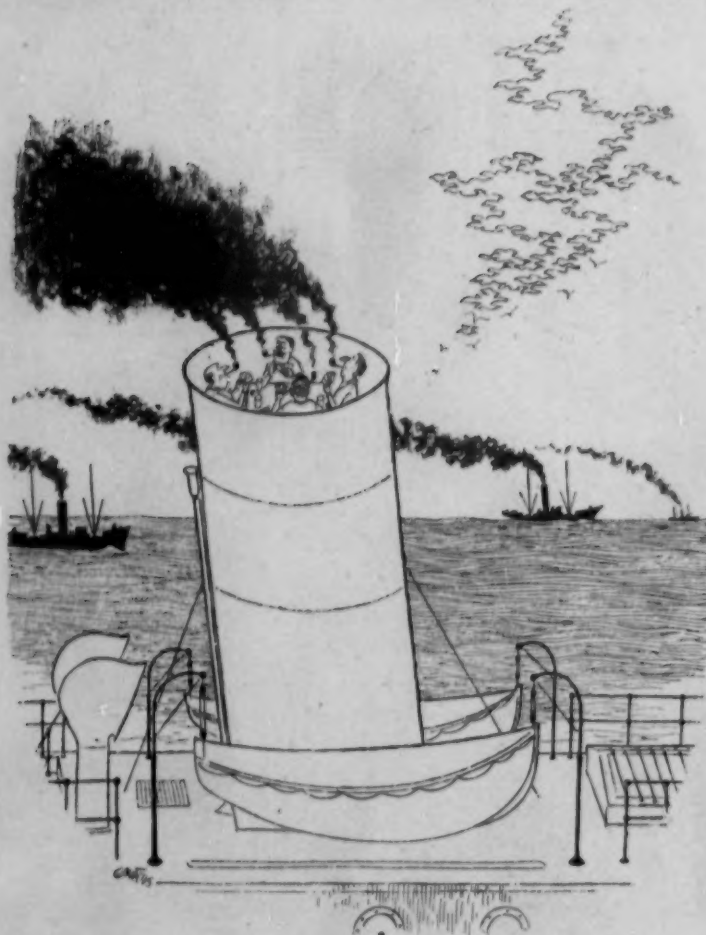
I have not, as yet, actually appeared on television, as the custom in this country is to concentrate on Ladies instead of Lords. This is only common politeness after all, and one cannot grudge it them as cold cream adverts seem to have died out. I am, however, something of an entertainer. I am enclosing a cutting from the *Evening Standard*, where it tells all about me doing my conjouring with solid silver egg cups at a Mayfair party at which many models were present. (I do not wish to seem to boast, but I am on speaking terms with several models, and one jockey.) Also sometimes in the House of Lords (where I often spend an afternoon) I have gained much laughter at my witty sallies on various topics of interest. It has been said that I could rival Lord Mancroft with practice.

I have watched television many times at my employer's house, and believe it has a great future, as on the television you can see the people, where on the wireless you can't, you can only hear them.

My age is forty-one, and I was, of course, at Harrow, as was Sir Winston, who is related to the Duke of Marlborough. Many have said I look no more than thirty-seven, although I do not wear my body-belt. My hair is going thin on top, but I have a small whig which my father used to wear at Eton-Harrow matches which would do nicely for younger parts. I am adept at putting it on so that nobody would know.

I am not married as yet, as I have always been interested in horses, but I assure you I and my family have no old-fashioned prejudices against marrying into money. I am sure by your photo I would get on well together with you and that our association would be to our mutual benefit.

I enclose a recent photo taken at Brighton with a young lady I know slightly who is going to be a model (bust



37, hips 36, blonde hair), also one at Ascot last year where I am in full costume. I assume one can hire these costumes in California too, and think it would be very suitable for ordinary parts. My peer's robes are somewhat big for me, but would be all right for doing the commercials in. I hope I would not have to eat many corn flakes, as they are inclined to disagree.

My wardrobe also includes blazer, cricket togs, dinner jacket (made specially for me), fishing-hat, hacking-jacket, waders, Guards tie and an A.R.P. uniform dyed green, from when we stood alone. My great-aunt, the Marchioness of Lum, whose husband was a game-warden in Fifeshire for his health, has promised me a small kilt if my application is successful if I promise not to stain it.

I have, of course, a slight lisp to prove I am authentic. I would naturally have to give a fortnight's notice, but am otherwise ready to take up my new duties at once. Perhaps you would be kind enough to state briefly the climate of California, as I have to be careful about my vests. Whilst writing, I would also like to mention that my mother is an excellent cook and has some very old English antique furniture. I could easily persuade her to give it away for practically a song if she thought it would be going to a good home. I don't know if you know anyone in California in need of a cook. My sister, the Hon. Adelaide, who came out five years ago, also asks me to state that she has a strong contralto voice and is taking tap and modern ballroom including South American. Her teeth are much straighter now.

Please return photos, especially the one at Brighton, as it must not fall into the wrong hands.

I remain,

Your humble servant,
CAMCHESTER (GEORGE)

P.S.—Do not consider Lord Woolton, who is sure to apply. Between ourselves, he was in trade.

5 6

Never liked that Story, Anyway

"A man walked into a cafe and ordered a cup of coffee. When at last he was served he complained that it tasted like mud. 'What do you expect?' asked the waitress. 'It was freshly ground this morning.'"

Birmingham Evening Post

The Trumpet Shall Sound



Mr. Albert Harvey, headmaster of a Yorkshire school, asked his county authority to give him an alpenhorn with which to warn children in outlying districts when woodwork classes were to be cancelled. The Swiss government is to send a horn, with the costume appropriate for playing it.

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
And even Progress has to give it best.

The electric telegraph and telephone
Fall down abashed before the Swiss trombone;

Mails travel slower, hoverplanes cost more
Than the great Alp-horn's message-bringing roar.

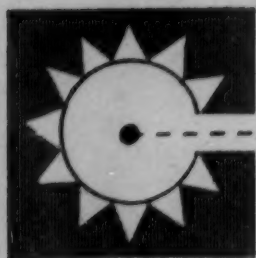
Blow boldly, Harvey, down the tube you've chosen,

Decked in your braces and your lederhosen;

Your young woodworkers, when they've learnt the code, 'll

Answer each fanfare with a Yorkshire yodel!

B. A. Y.



All Summer in a Game



IT is satisfactory that croquet is once more being taken seriously in England; but it is sad that it can so seldom, these days, be taken uproariously. Neither on the lawns of Roehampton where the Open Championship is now in slow progress, nor on other club courts of which there are an increasing number all over the country, can players let themselves rip or joy be unconfined. No country curate is likely to make such a happy entry in his diary next Tuesday as the Rev. Francis Kilvert on Tuesday, July 12, 1870:

Great fun on the lawn, six cross games of croquet and balls flying in all directions. High tea at 7.30. More than forty people sat down. Plenty of iced claret cup, and unlimited fruit, very fine, especially the strawberries.

It is true there are strawberries at Roehampton, very fine if not unlimited; but play is given up before the light begins to go and there'll be no croquet in the twilight: "The ladies' light dresses looked ghostly in the dusk and at a little distance it was almost impossible to tell which was a lady in a white dress and which was a clump of tall white lilies." It must have been lovely weather that week, for on the Saturday they were at it again: "Then a wild nonsensical game of croquet in the dark, everyone playing at the same time, and screams of laughter which might be heard almost in Hay."

That was garden-party croquet; garden-party croquet in which, even when the play was deadly serious, hoops and crinolines were apt to become confused; and in which, unless the contest was totally without quarter, balls would be advantageously shifted by petticoat manœuvre while chivalry turned a blind eye. Yet you do not need to go back to Victorian crinolines, nor even to Edwardian bustles; you do not need to be more than middle-aged to remember games which went on so long into the

deepening dusk that a croquet-maddened father, bitten by the game as badly as his guests by the evening midges, would call for the stable lamps to be brought out to light the hoops . . . or other summer evenings when, guests departed, the children would be loosed on the court for a quick round of Golf Croquet, or better still a harum-scarum of Crazy Croquet, before they went to bed.

Alas, few private gardens now have croquet courts, which require the space of more than two tennis courts and a greater perfection of turf—although, in truth, many a lawn too small and uneven for tennis used to serve for family croquet. The disappearance of family courts is the chief reason why so few young people know this subtle, spiteful, splendid game, which combines the skill of billiards with the strategy of chess, and in which men and women in tournaments and championships contest on equal terms. Fresh young blood, however, is beginning to tingle: Mr. John Solomon was only twenty-two when he won the Open Championship in 1953.



Among public schools, Marlborough and Haileybury now play croquet, while an *Eton College Chronicle* correspondent recently asked: "Could not a school croquet lawn be instituted? Croquet is an up-and-coming game and proficiency at it is a great social asset." The Universities, also, are beginning to catch the contagion, and one or two colleges at both Oxford and Cambridge have revived their courts. There will soon be croquet bloods.

Amateur status is jealously guarded. There are no croquet professionals, and expenses are never paid. When the English ladies' team went to New Zealand last year, it cost each dedicated player over £600. The New Zealanders come to England next summer, and a problem already wrinkling the brows of our ladies is what to wear for the matches. In Australia and New Zealand, white is always worn. In England, ladies wear what they please. Should England go into white for the New Zealanders? If so, should there be one style, one cloth, one cut?

Even the most fervent advocate of the team spirit would not wish lady croquet players to look like women cricketers who, in their shorts and knee-length thick-knit socks, could never be mistaken in the dusk for a clump of tall white lilies. But the tennis fashions of Wimbledon show that a certain conformity can be combined with a high degree of ego. Centre Court clothes are now a part of international fashion; in their brevity they are a précis of the mode. Succinct yet feminine, the interpretations of Christian Dior's A-line we have just seen at Wimbledon blend the sportsmanlike with the playful: nonchalant no-nonsense dresses; picot-edged petticoats, just discernible in the service.

Why not contrasting petticoats for croquet, just discernible in the petulant stamp when an opponent malevolently

wires one's ball? There is a precedent for this in a croquet costume of 1864 in the Museum of Costume at Eridge Castle: the skirt is worn slightly kilted to show the frill of a rose-embroidered petticoat. It would not do, of course, for players who adopt the centre style, mallet swung between the legs. Mrs. Longman, one of our leading players, wears a divided skirt which enables her to employ with grace what used to be considered an exclusively masculine stance. For the side-stroke, the important thing is for the skirt to be flat at the front and sides; fullness can, most fashionably, be concentrated in grouped pleats low-placed at the centre back. Croquet clothes should have softness and grace; for players have to pose in repose all through the live-long hours, the death-long breaks, while partner or opponents dominate the court.

In this periodical suspension of activity croquet resembles archery, another favourite country-house sport which is having a great revival. Every

city, every town, village and suburb, it seems, has its archery club. Dress is strict. Our ladies setting out for the World Archery Championships at Helsinki this month are clothed in Lincoln green skirts and white short-sleeved blouses, an outfit which is the prototype for all lady toxophilites. The London sports shop which guides the new army of archers recommends also a thick-knit green cardigan with raglan sleeves, fitting closely so as not to catch on the bow string, and a peaked gaberdine cap which can be white or green. Archery gloves and arm-guards are essentials.

All very neat, workmanlike, and suitable for a blood sport. Yet it is a mistake to think, as we are led to think, that Lincoln green has always been traditional for archers. In the days when ladies' arrows were aimed to pierce hearts rather than targets there was no hypocrisy about looking efficient:

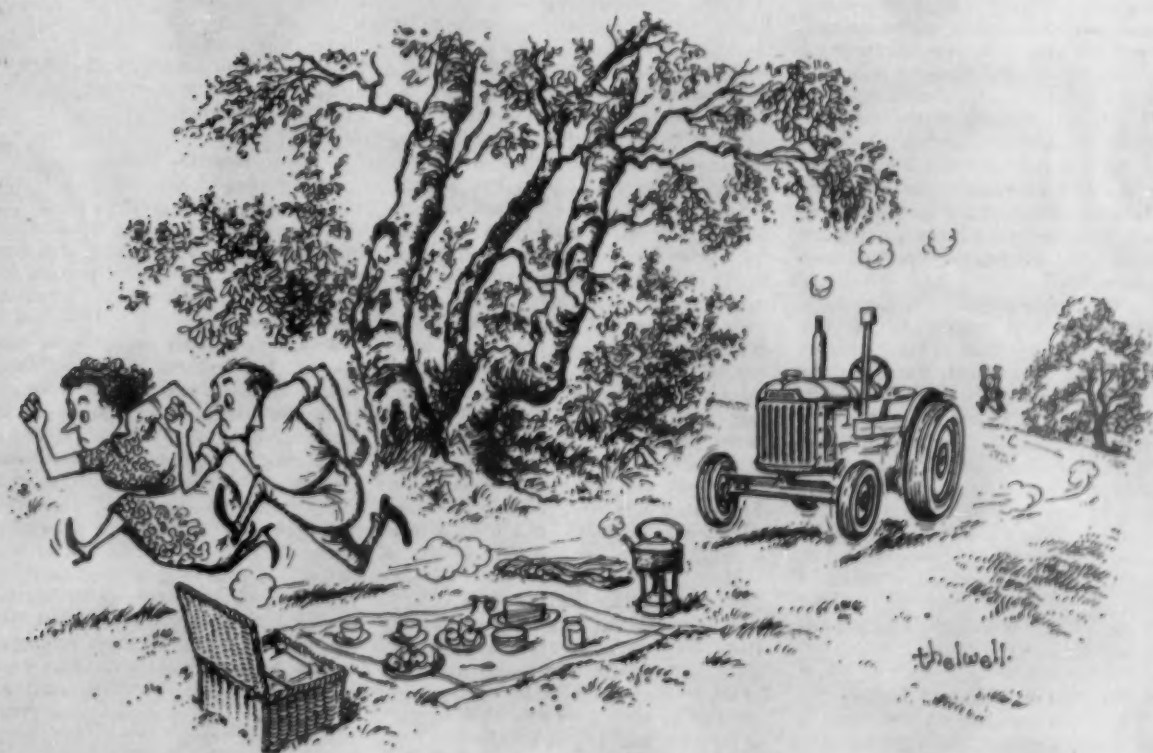
Wednesday, July 6th, 1870: It was a pretty sight to see the group of ladies with their fresh light dresses moving

up and down the long green meadow between the targets, and the arrows flitting and glancing white to and fro against the bank of dark green trees. At six, tea, coffee and cider cup was laid out in the summer house and when three dozen arrows had been shot we left off shooting and went to tea and I made up the score. All through the hot burning afternoon how pleasant sounded the cool rush and roar of the Wye over its rapids and rocks at the end of the meadow.

Croquet or archery, Kilvert probably wasn't much good at either. Where he excelled was in catching all summer in a game.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

"About four acres of land would be provided for industrial development in slum clearance areas covering over six acres, a Wolverhampton Corporation solicitor told a public inquiry to-day. A compulsory purchase order made by the council was the subject of the inquiry conducted by Mr. S. G. Bullstrode, an inspector for the Ministry of Housing and Local Government."—*Wolverhampton Express and Star*
Now for some cheese figures.





Mr. Nabarro and the Last Trump

ONE of the major consolations of declining years is that it becomes increasingly difficult to hear what politicians say. Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL, we are told, puts in his hearing-aid when he asks a question and takes it out again when anyone starts to give the answer. But, however desirable and widespread such restrictive practices may be, his warmest friends cannot pretend in mitigation of Mr. NABARRO that he is inaudible. On Tuesday he raised a most reasonable point of order. It is the tradition of the House that, if Front Benchers and if Privy Councillors rise in their places, the Speaker calls them in preference to back benchers. This custom grew up in a day when Privy Councillors usually sat on the Front Bench. But now, as Mr. NABARRO most justly complained, the Socialists have so many Privies on the back benches and so many non-Privies on the Front Bench that, by the time that they have all been called, it is almost impossible for a back bencher *sans phrase et sans reproche* to get a word in edgeways. The Speaker was doubtless technically correct in saying that Mr. NABARRO's point was not a point of order—nor, doubtless, will be the Last Trump. It was merely the condition of the survival of civilization.

In Praise of Dame Irene

The Front Benchers on both sides in this Parliament are past praying for. Our future depends upon the back benchers, and their two most doughty

champions—a worthy couple indeed—are Mr. NABARRO and Dame IRENE WARD. The statue of Mrs. Pankhurst is to be moved a little farther from the Houses of Parliament in order that the Burghers of Calais may move up one, and Mr. BIRCH with diplomatic gallantry pretends that the triumph of Parliamentary woman has been so complete that she can afford to be generous. But in general women have not proved themselves to be great Parliamentary fighters and show no signs that they will prove themselves to be such in the future. "Have faith in God. She will deliver you," said Mrs. Pankhurst to the suffragettes who had chained themselves to the railings. She delivered them but unfortunately neglected to tell them what they were to do after they had been delivered. They had nothing to lose but their chains, and when they lost them, then, like Othello, their occupation was gone. But Dame IRENE is the exception that proves the rule. Dame IRENE refused persistently and nobly to be put off her supplementary by Front Benchers or Privy Councillors, together or separate, and liberty was saved.

Paging Mr. Page

This week's male award goes to Mr. PAGE of Crosby. He moved an amendment, got support for it from both sides of the House, compelled the Minister to say that he must bow to such a weight of opinion and had it accepted. The amendment, it is true, was not on the face of it of a wildly exciting character.

It was, if we may call a spade a spade, to "omit Subsection 4 of Clause 1" of the Rating and Valuation Bill—which would have enabled the valuation officer to alter his lists between January and April—but, whatever the topic, it is at least welcome as the first sign of life in this Parliament that the back benchers should have massed sufficient opinion to persuade the Front Bench to make a concession.

Austria, Nube

The signing of the Austrian Treaty has been one of the great events of the post-war world. It would indeed have been odd and paradoxical if, after this country had so strenuously pressed for that Treaty, the House of Commons should have come along and rejected it and thus thrown all Europe into confusion. Nor can the House pick and choose among the details of Treaties. It must take them or leave them. It can have its bills *à la carte*, but Treaties it must take *table d'hôte*. Nevertheless there is a good deal of speculation what the Russians are really at. Does this signify a new look and a change of heart? Is it all a cunning bait to persuade Germans to think that they can get unification under neutralization provided that they turn against Dr. Adenauer and the Western Alliances? It may be that it would not have been wise or diplomatic for Mr. MACMILLAN to speculate in public about such matters. Perhaps even the Front Opposition Bench was not the place for such dangerous thoughts—or indeed

for any thoughts at all. But surely the back benches were exactly the place for them, and if in such a debate some things were said that were unpalatable or some things were said that were exaggerated, it could but strengthen the hands of the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary when they go to Geneva if they could point to evidence that there was still some opinion in Britain and in Parliament which was suspicious. Of all the theories of foreign politics the one that is certainly untrue is that the Russians will do business so long as everyone is polite to them, but take offence if they are criticized. Yet Mr. MACMILLAN and Mr. YOUNGER opened the debate—a debate, to be strict, not on the Austrian Treaty but on an enabling bill which would allow Her Majesty to give effect to the Treaty when it was ratified—in speeches that said absolutely nothing. They were anxious to get the bill through as quickly as possible, and that was up to a point reasonable. But it was not necessary to be in quite as much of a hurry as all that, and it is a comfort that back benchers were not willing wholly to still their criticisms. Mixed in with some speeches of platitudinous congratulation, Mr. JOHN HYND asked how Austria could be considered truly independent so long as she was forbidden to have any treaty relations with other Powers. Mr. TEELING asked why an international instrument should impose such uniquely hard conditions on the house of Hapsburg, and Mr. SILVERMAN commended the formula of Austrian neutralization as a formula that might be applied also to Germany—for which he was smartly pulled up by Mr. STANLEY EVANS. The debate amounted, if not to very much, at least to something.

When Belts Are Green

Meanwhile the Lords had been discussing overcrowded urban areas, and their debate illustrated exactly the difficulty in all this talk about a higher standard of living. As the standard of living was raised, said Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, "there will be more and more demand for more spacious living." Therefore new towns and new factories must be built in what had hitherto been rural areas, and everything must in general be made rather more beastly. What fun we could all have if only we were not compelled to demand a higher standard of living! But there must also be "green belts." But what with roads and the char-a-bancs and the lorries and the amenities it would become increasingly difficult to know what was a green belt. How could the poor motorists, as they rushed through it, even know of the privilege that they were enjoying? Lord SELKIRK, for the Government, had an ingeniously simple solution for that one. Could they not, he said, just put up a notice: "Here is a green belt. Motorists are requested to enjoy themselves"?

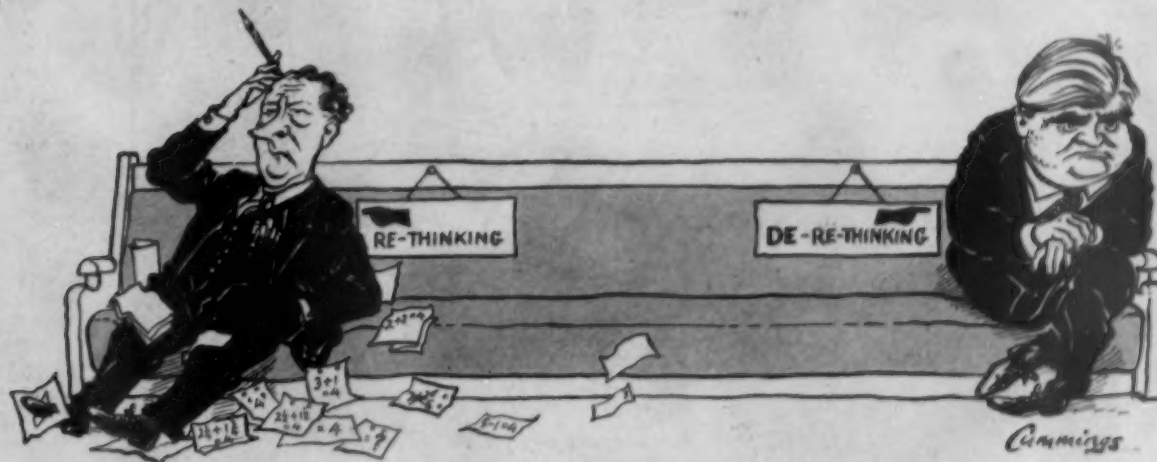
Diplomatic Pianos

Then the Commons, having finished with Austria, had gone on to extension of privileges to the ever growing number of people who in these days, through one organization or another, enjoy diplomatic immunities. It is a common complaint to-day that the diplomatic profession is not what it was and that, wherever there is anything of importance to be decided, an aeroplane taxis up and decants a politician to settle it. But the less diplomacy there is to do, the more diplomats, it seems, there must be to do it and the more privileges they must enjoy. Some of

them naturally exploit their privileges in rather a peculiar fashion. Mr. HOBSON complained that a diplomat threw a grand piano out of a window. It landed on the car of one of his constituents and because of diplomatic privilege there was nothing that anyone could do about it.

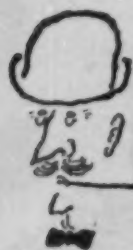
Leapfrog for Ministers

And then on Thursday, amid all this talk of leap-frogs and differentials, Mr. WILLIAM SHEPHERD wondered whether Junior Ministers ought not to get some more salary. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





"No, no, NO! It was meant only for the one wall."



In the City

Going Up, First Floor Hardlines!

NOTHING is more certain, in these days of creeping inflation, than that we shall soon have to submit to another very substantial rise in the price of coal. Any householder who has tried to stock up during the warm spell knows that the flow of fuel from pit to domestic bunker has become increasingly sluggish and that coal merchants have recently stepped up their irascibility.

The price of coal seems steep enough in all conscience, but it is well below that in force overseas. Our National Coal Board buys and sells coal at the world price and its imports cost nearly two pounds more per ton than the controlled (average) selling price at home. Last year for example the Board lost some £5 millions on its purchase and sale of foreign coal, and this year that figure is certain to be much larger. There was a time when coal brought home more bacon for Britain than any other export: now, we import almost as much coal as we export, and if industrial consumption continues to expand at its present rate we shall soon be in the red. Indeed coal imports are already costing us more than our coal exports are earning. The current import rate is about one million tons a month and the Coal Board seems lacking in hope that this rate can be cut by raising output from the mines. Why? The industry has adequate reserves—enough to last the country for at least another hundred years, certainly enough to see us into the age of nuclear power stations. We have the coal all right, but we also have overfull employment and the mines continue to lose their manpower to the factories.

Our controlled coal prices help to keep our industrial products well to the fore in the export race; but this advantage will obviously disappear as the tonnage of imported high-cost coal increases, and the question arises whether it is wiser to hang on to our present system of controls and subsidies or to allow coal prices to be settled by the law of supply and demand. Higher prices would certainly encourage industry to cut the waste in its fuel bills

and sponsor the adoption of more economical power units. But the skeleton has now been in the coal-shed for so long that it will take exceptional courage to look it firmly in the face.

Meanwhile investors can thank their lucky stars that the post-war difficulties of the coal industry have been and are being financed from the public purse rather than from the coffers of quoted companies.

Every new breath in the inflationary Stock Exchange boom is followed by a chorus of gloomy prophecy and dire warning, and the pessimists are useful

in that they help to confine the boom to sections of the market where activity is justifiable. There will be no repetition of 1929 while the bulls are exclusively interested, as they are, in leading home industries, in high asset values and high earnings cover.

My view is that the pace will slacken only temporarily when new issues swim into the investors' ken, that the selective boom will continue, and that no one can be blamed for wanting to cut in on such stalwarts as Courtaulds, Bowater, British Petroleum, Metal Box, I.C.I., and Marks and Spencer—this week's significant six.

MAMMON



A Poor Living for the Parson

A CENTURY ago the West Country was famous for its hunting-parsons. Many kept their own pack of hounds and were out three days a week. They could take a five barred gate in their stride, but fell miserably when faced with a parable. In those days the vicar led a full life. He was part of the local gentry; his church was full, and he was generally the last man in, kicking his riding boots off in the vestry, and shouting "Tally ho!" instead of "Amen."

When that era ended, the parson became a combination of schoolmaster, doctor, justice of the peace, and elder. He busied himself educating the children, comforting the sick and visiting the poor. His church was still full and he continued to dine regularly with the squire. Only the size of his own family limited his affluence, for his stipend was comparatively large. I suppose this period lasted till 1914.

Between the two wars there was a transition in which the church gradually shifted from being a place of worship into becoming the local museum.

The position now is that the parson himself has become the problem. His church is empty, the poor have vanished, the sick are cared for, the squire has disappeared. Parlour games have replaced his sermons; whereas the village once worshipped God or made some polite pretence in that distant direction, they are now bemused by staring at the stars presented in their regular programmes. The Welfare State has made the vicar's social efforts look somewhat redundant. Inflation has made him poor. His vicarage is too big for his means; his leisure too great for his interests. He has become a lonely figure without conviction, aware that he is probably the last of his line. For who will take on such country livings where the stipend is only £400 a year and it costs a hundred to heat the vicarage?

It's significant that our village is clubbing together to buy the parson a television set; it is nothing less than tragic that he is so pathetically grateful for it.

RONALD DUNCAN

Traditional English Jungle

JUST now our long herbaceous border stands in prodigal disorder: Ambition has outrun discretion: some of it will have to go.

So we'll scrap the great autumnal daisies, let the phloxes go to blazes

And even the chrysanthemums although they've always made a show.

But we'll keep the little Papuan poppy which provided Sackville-West with copy

And we'll keep the sickly annuals we tried to grow ourselves from seeds.

Still the trouble's hardly worth the taking: what will fill the gaps we're making
Is weeds.

P. D.



BOOKING OFFICE

Là Bas

The Life of J.-K. Huysmans. Robert Baldick. Cumberlege: O.U.P., 42/-

THE documentation of almost anyone's life would be interesting if enough information of the right kind were available—and the biographer as explicit and conscientious as Dr. Robert Baldick. Inevitably, therefore, so curious a character as Huysmans is absorbing under the microscope. An enormous amount of research must have gone into producing this excellent book. The trouble was well spent. Not only is a considerable author displayed in all his many sides, but also a great fragment of French intellectual life is revealed in the process.

It would probably be safe to say of the people who know the name of Joris-Karl Huysmans (1848–1907) in this country that 99 per cent of them associate him with Des Esseintes, hero of his novels *A Rebours* (1884) and *Là Bas* (1891). Des Esseintes was drawn to some extent from the same model as Proust's Charlus—Count Robert de Montesquiou, a rich eccentric, perverse French man-about-town of very ancient lineage who dabbled in poetry and the arts.

To compare how very differently Proust and Huysmans treated the raw literary material supplied (most unwillingly) by Montesquiou would make an interesting study; but here we are only concerned with Des Esseintes. From him derive Lord Henry Wotton of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and innumerable other figures of that particular type in the works of Wilde and many other writers of the 'nineties. In *A Rebours* Des Esseintes devotes himself to his sensations in his "refined Thebaid"; in *Là Bas*, he is occupied with Black Magic and Satanism. In short, Huysmans is thought of chiefly in this country as a French forerunner of the *décadence* and "*fin de siècle*" goings-on in general.

That this should have happened is understandable, but not altogether just

to Huysmans who began as a writer under the influence of Zola and "realism." Then he reacted violently away from realism, and became involved in the world of occultism, sinister and disreputable, from which he never entirely extricated himself. It is of interest to compare Huysmans' experiences in such circles, for example, with those of W. B. Yeats, who also toyed with the occult. One has the



impression that Huysmans was involved to an infinitely deeper and more ominous degree. His experiences make the average account of such things sound a very milk-and-watery affair.

From the Black Arts, Huysmans moved towards a deep and passionate conversion to Catholicism; though one side of his nature was always strongly attracted to persons and practices associated with aspects of religious mysteries furthest removed from generally accepted observances.

Huysmans cannot be called a novelist in the sense that Flaubert or Zola were novelists. He presents, usually through one person, some strongly felt impulse of his own personality.

Of partly Dutch extraction, Huysmans earned a living by running a small

book-bindery and at the same time being a civil servant in the *Sûreté Générale*. Perhaps the only detail Dr. Baldick omits is to describe precisely what was Huysmans' work at the *Sûreté*. It would be enjoyable to know. He was at any rate sufficiently in touch with the operational side of his office to get the detectives at work quickly when someone tried to blackmail him.

Huysmans was a great lover of painting. He was one of the earliest defenders of the Impressionists, at a time when they were being very generally attacked. Although keenly attracted by the opposite sex, he was always drawn to the idea of founding a monastic community of artists. Among those somewhat involved in one of these monastic schemes as a young man at the beginning of the century appears the painter Georges Rouault.

Some of the most interesting pages of the book describe Huysmans' friendship and final falling out with that unattractive figure Léon Bloy, self-styled "the ungrateful mendicant"; of whom the poet Villiers de l'Isle Adam, himself incurably impecunious, said he "had brought poverty into disrepute." There is a fascinating account of how Bloy persuaded Villiers de l'Isle Adam to approach Lord Salisbury, then staying at Dieppe, and request a loan, as one nobleman to another. The British Prime Minister listened to the French poet for five hours without interruption, but it is thought that Lord Salisbury's well-known deafness prevented a full appreciation of the position, since no loan was forthcoming. There was also a good moment when Huysmans, overworked in his investigation of the Black Arts, confused the poet Longfellow with a Scotch satanist of the same name.

ANTHONY POWELL

On Trial

A Train of Powder. Rebecca West. Macmillan, 21/-

These six studies can be taken as a demonstration of ace reporting or a collection of case-histories of private detachment from violence. The gardener

at the Press villa in Nuremberg, who ignored defeat and retribution and built up a trade in potted plants, apparently symbolizes the theme, though Miss West is not very clear about it and only the arrangement of the contents suggests that the book is supposed to be a unity at all.

In periodicals, the accounts of the Nuremberg trials, the Greenville lynching case, the Setty case and the prosecution of Marshall the radio-telephonist sometimes seemed over-written; they are much more impressive in book form. The occasional passages of strained comment on the ordinary, of cleverness *in vacuo*, shrink into a minor blemish. The reporting is vivid and sometimes amusing and Miss West has a good eye for the odd fact that reinforces the narrative without delaying it. Ideas and information pour out as in conversation; the voice is individual but the mind behind it remains non-committal, elusive and too safe.

R. G. G. P.

Thirty Years. John P. Marquand. *Robert Hale*, 12/6

This selection from Mr. Marquand's writings includes an excellent story "Sun, Sea and Sand" which gives a hair-raising picture of the seamy side of a cottage colony in the Bahamas. The other stories, particularly the ones that deal with the Services, are never quite so convincing, but "Fourth Down," a college football story, is dramatic, and the lecture "The Social Future of the Harvard Man in the Free World of To-morrow" is very funny. In the course of this Mr. Marquand quotes the saying "You can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much." However, he is himself a Harvard man who has in his time been told a great deal, and when he describes the Mongolian plateau the reader feels that he in turn has been told what it is really like. "Letter to Dr. Huntington" gives a portrait of the author as he might appear to a precise Bostonian man of letters, and encourages the hope that Mr. Marquand will once more turn his attention to Cambridge, Mass.

V. G. P.

Memoirs of Hadrian. Marguerite Yourcenar. Translated from the French by Grace Frick. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6

An outstanding piece of creative scholarship. A review of this length can do no more than indicate the book's

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of PUNCH contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for January to June, 1955, may be obtained free on application to The Publisher, PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need not apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

contents. Following Hadrian's spiritual pilgrimage and making bare mention of the emperor's many campaigns, these memoirs are not designed for the "best selling" public. The author's even, carefully constructed sentences do not compel the reader, but he who persists against them will soon find himself held by this portrait of a subtle and complex general who killed 500,000 Jews during the destruction of Jerusalem and so loved the boy Antinous that he caused him, after his death at nineteen, to be adored as a god. Hadrian's autobiography, published under the name of his freedman Phlegon, is lost to us. The sources from which Mme. Yourcenar has been able to draw have given her little more than the bare bones of information. Upon these she has reconstructed with acute insight one of the most remarkable minds in history.

O. M.

AT THE PLAY

From Here and There
(ROYAL COURT)

Between the Lines (SCALA)

AIRS on a Shoestring was one of those rare little revues that seem to have been born in one piece, a natural assembly of spontaneous wit and charm; it is sad to report that its successor, *From Here and There*, gives almost exactly the opposite impression. New targets for satire are hard to come by, but it is after all the prime business of revue to find them, and one gets the feeling here that a job lot of old favourites have been ransacked in desperation. Some of the numbers fall so utterly flat that it is difficult to imagine how they were ever passed by LAURIER LISTER, whose touch with intimate revue has generally been so sure. And there is too small a current of personality to bind the evening together, mainly because of the absence of a strong male comedian. Described as an "Anglo-American revue," *From Here and There* draws several of its company from the States, but the hopeful suggestion in its opening number that two ways of life would be contrasted is instantly forgotten.

BETTY MARSDEN, who has to carry far too heavy a burden, seizes every chance and where she can brings off a winner, such as the solitary innocent on a South Sea island quivering with A-bombs. Much is owed to her, and she should be spared the embarrassing incident of the brandy-soaked lady maundering over her past. JUNE WHITFIELD also comes out well, particularly as a film star explaining her reactions to an Oscar; given the right stuff she knows how to put an edge on it, and so does CHARLOTTE MITCHELL, best as a bride absorbing marriage-craft from the women's magazines. In writing his own sketches the chief recruit from America, JAMES MACCOLL, has unfortunately left out the detonator; his main contribution is an accurate parody of Chevalier. The States, however, have provided a first class acrobatic dancer in



"For gosh sakes, honey, you'll have us hauled in front of the un-American Activities Committee."

RICHARD TONE, and he and APRIL OLDRICH combine nimbly. This revue is reasonably mounted, and the music easy to take. A ruthless blue pencil and an emergency infusion of wit might still save it.

The Cambridge Footlights have also arrived in London with their May Week revue, and once again in its pleasantly amateur way it attacks freely all round the world's wicket and is commendably short of parochial gossip. It has the energy and spirit of other years, and a fair amount of talent; its chief weakness lies in a production which, uncertain of the right moment for the blackout, is apt to let a good idea run itself to pieces.

JONATHAN MILLER is still in the cast, and his surrealist solos are easily the most original work in the evening. Owing something to Danny Kaye, whom he resembles, something to the Marx Brothers, and plenty to himself, he drools on inconsequently, miming as he goes: Arthur sculling out to try to make sense of an idiotic woman holding up a sword in the middle of a lake; the man who imagined himself a beetle in Kafka's story coming down to a suburban breakfast; the death of Nelson and his manly horror when Hardy kissed him. This is the kind of inspired nonsense which calls for iron courage; no qualms show on Mr. MILLER's pale rubber face, even when he is introducing us to his lay

figure, his rhinoceros head and the rest of his Dali props. Not that he needs props. In a guard's van or the House of Commons he would still be funny.

The two best sketches deal with the Brontës' inhibitions and the middle age of Noël Coward. BRIAN MARBER, this year's President, a clever mimic with the gift of tongues, neatly catches a Russian announcer, Chevalier in London, and a moronic film star. Female impersonation, always strong at Cambridge, is in good hands with WILLIE EUSTACE, BRIAN WELSH and JULIAN JEBB, the Editor of the *Granta* and my first choice for the head girl of St. Trinian's. PETER WOODTHORPE seems to have been born to play the father in a Priestley farce; although unlucky here in some of his material he is very useful. *Between the Lines* has been decorated brightly by JOAN JEFFERSON FARJEON, and ALAN VENING, who leads an unusually cheerful orchestra, has written some catchy tunes.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The dearth of good new plays is frightening. *Separate Tables* (St. James's—29/9/54) is still the best. For good acting try *The Bad Seed* (Aldwych—20/4/55), and don't miss EMLYN WILLIAMS as Dylan Thomas *Growing Up* (Globe—8/6/55).

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE OPERA

La Tosca (COVENT GARDEN)

THOSE who had paid double prices to hear three costly Italian singers—and even some of the deadheads who hadn't—were in a state of bubbling certitude before the curtain went up. When you pay more you get more. This was going to be a *Tosca* we should be telling open-mouthed grandchildren about in the inglenooks of A.D. 2000. The only man who wasn't cheering already on arrival was Clifton Webb, who moved through the foyer, as he often does on the screen, with the non-committal calm of a Metropolitan police commissioner and gentleman.

I imagine that the opening bars lifted even Mr. Webb's eyebrows. Never has the Covent Garden brass delivered Scarpia's signature tune (or, more precisely, signature chords) with such weight and menace. For a moment I thought the mouth-waterings were justified and that Maestro MOLINARI-PRADELLI was going to give us a great night. But no. Bloom and fierceness presently faded from the orchestra. Routine glaze set in. Apart from TITO GOBBI, who was rewarding to watch and hear in every detail, nobody seemed to be caring much about his acting or to have much acting to care about.

The Tosca, RENATO TEBALDI, has a big voice of variable quality which, at best, dazzles and stuns rather than seduces. Her *Vissi d'arte* stopped the show. So did *E lucevan* as sung in a rather pinched, effortful way by FERUCCIO TAGLIAVINI. In both cases the clapping and bawling and "Bravos!" seemed to be going a little far. Here again, however, we must make allowance for price psychosis. People had paid to hear a milestone performance, and a milestone performance it was going to be.

In Miss TEBALDI's acting there was no hint of the imperious, impulsive diva, no sweeping on and off like an adored typhoon. This Tosca was a thoroughly nice young woman. My heart bled for her in the torture scene. I wanted to see her rescued and getting on with potting jam and pruning roses at the place she and her stockbroker husband have, for sure, somewhere up the river.

The unusual merit of GOBBI's Scarpia is that it makes hay of type-casting and flies fruitfully in the face of nature. GOBBI has frank, pleasant, open features and a personality to match. Nothing could be imagined less like a torturing police chief. Puccini and Sardou would have given him up as hopeless at a glance. Yet I shall remember his Scarpia as sharply as that of Stabile. Nature's handicaps were cancelled by sheer acting power—and fine, intelligent singing; his was the only voice on the stage that came right out into the theatre without having to be shoved and pushed there.

CHARLES REID



[From *Here and There*

BETTY MARSDEN; CHARLOTTE MITCHELL; JAMES MACCOLL



AT THE BALLET

The Ballet Rambert
(SADLER'S WELLS)

EXCEPT for an annual fortnight at Islington Madame RAMBERT and her gallant young company are on the road. She may feel, as she told the warm-hearted audience at her opening night last week, that that represents banishment. But the provinces doubtless see the situation differently. As before, she brings to London some new offerings, the first of which, *Persephone*, turns out to be a curiously abrupt simplification of the classic Greek myth which gave birth to the Eleusinian doctrine of immortality.

ROBERT JOFFREY, a young American choreographer, evidently aims at originality, but the steps he has devised tend to obscure rather than to reveal such lyrical intention as may be deduced from his choice of Vivaldi's Spring and Winter movements from his suite for strings and harpsichord. A young Dutch artist, HARRI WICH, has designed dresses which are effective, and settings on earth and in Pluto's underworld which are rather less successful. To add to the cosmopolitan flavour credit is given in the programme to André Gide's "translation" of the legend.

What mattered, however, was the

exquisite dancing of NOREEN SOPWITH. Her Persephone was a triumph of beauty and artistry. With the excellent support of a small *corps de ballet*, and of ALEXANDER BENNETT in the poorly indicated character of Pluto, she surmounted handicaps of tiresome lighting and indeterminate choreography with lyrical serenity. GILLIAN MARTLEW could do little with the part of Persephone's mother, Demeter, except to register conventional distraction when her daughter vanishes and corresponding rapture on tracking her down to Pluto's depressing kingdom.

The programme opened with *Les Sylphides* which showed off the qualities of BERYL GOODWIN, ANN HORN and SELINA WYLIE. But graceful ballerinas are not enough in this test piece. It sets high standards of precision and unified elegance in every detail. Until they are attained it would be well for any company on its opening night to present its credentials in a ballet less vulnerable to the darting eye of the critical balletomane.

Gala Performance, ANTHONY TUDOR's ballet to PROKOFIEV's music, is intended to satirize the rivalries of foreign ballerinas determined to outshine each other. The edge of the joke has been blunted with repetition. It could do with a modicum of subtle restraint and a judicious infusion of artistic astringency.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

Prince of Players
Strange Lady in Town

A FOREWORD to *Prince of Players* (Director: PHILIP DUNNE) describes it as "the true story of a famous theatrical family"; but the publicity leaflet is misleading in the extreme, plainly designed by people who have no faith at all in the commercial appeal—or even the popular intelligibility—of any story not based firmly on what the movies call Love. So the unthinking masses are lured to see this by a display advertisement that demands in large capitals "Was Loving Him Heaven or Hell?" and goes on to assert with quite cynical irrelevance that "Love Can Make a Man a *Prince of Players* . . . or a King of Scoundrels!"

In fact this is a story of several members of the Booth family about a hundred years ago, and chiefly concerns Edwin Booth (RICHARD BURTON). He is presumably the "Prince of Players"; but the film does not at all suggest that Love was what enabled him to achieve the rank. The "King of Scoundrels" corollary has equally little excuse—quite apart from not referring to this central character at all, but (also presumably) to his brother John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln. The idea that the Hollywood brand of Love was behind the murder of Lincoln is surely . . . however, we'd better leave this tempting byway to somebody in search of a



Dave Prescott—CHARLES BICKFORD

Edwin Thomas (son of Junius Brutus) Booth—RICHARD BURTON

subject for what the libraries humorously call non-fiction.

The film is interesting, although over-upholstered. It is full of great chunks of Shakespeare, as played by the founder of the family, Junius Brutus Booth (RAYMOND MASSEY), and Edwin himself, which may be found a little overpowering by others as well as such simple souls as have been attracted by those advertisements; and about the off-stage dialogue there is often an oddly stilted, Dickensian flavour. (It contains a great many lines of unintentional blank verse, a fault in Dickens and plenty of other people when they set out to do a bit of Fine Writing.) Almost every interlocutor, too, is addressed by name in almost every speech, and that can become very wearing.

Nevertheless, the thing held my attention, though it engaged my emotions hardly at all. It is a strongly dramatic, even "hammy" work (the tone is set by the nineteenth-century declamatory style of the Shakespearian excerpts and the saloon exhibitionism of the old man and Edwin in their cups); but the ham is good ham.

From ham to hokum. What the adjective is from the noun "hokum" (if you allow the existence of that, for a start) I don't know, unless it be "hoked-up"; but whatever it may be, *Strange Lady in Town* (Director: MERVYN LE ROY) qualifies for it about as emphatically as anything I ever saw. And yet this has some very good points.

They are, I admit, mostly visual. This CinemaScope and WarnerColor piece, the scene of which is New Mexico in about 1880, offers a great deal of pleasure to the eye while telling a story hoked-up for the groundlings within an inch (or a foot) of its life.

It is constructed on a combination of two well-proved commercial principles: the first, "Give the woman the top," the second, "Make 'em quarrel to begin with." Here we have GREER GARSON as a dignified and smart lady from Boston—a doctor, at a time when hardly anybody, let alone the primitives of New Mexico, had heard of a woman doctor—who takes the new-fangled methods of Lister, and the stethoscope, and other disconcerting but effective innovations, into the territory of a burly rival (DANA ANDREWS) who thinks woman's place is "under a man's thumb." Their clashes at the beginning make it reasonably certain to anyone familiar with popular fiction that they will marry at the end; and so, of course, they do. She is a sort of Shaw heroine—decorative, very capable, dominating, with a line of highfalutin talk—and she has a wastrel brother to provide a heavy spectacular climax. It is all entertaining enough . . . and here too we get historical characters. General Lew Wallace at the Governor's Ball is asked about his new book, and says "I'm calling it *Ben Hur*." I wonder what other suggestions there were for a title?

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Two notable French ones have just begun in London: JULES DASSIN's *Rififi* and JACQUES BECKER's *Rue de l'Estrapade*, or *Françoise Steps Out*. DISNEY's *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55) continues, and the cheerful musical with FRED ASTAIRE, *Daddy Long Legs* (22/6/55).

New releases offer nothing special. Remember the earlier ones *Marty* (15/6/55) and *The Prisoner* (4/5/55).

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

 Mr. Words Comes to Town

IN "Harding Finds Out" the great tycoon-panjandrum of radio is shedding his stormy, swashbuckling past, and doing it rather well. I hope this programme succeeds, for Gilbert Harding is one of the very few household gods of television who deserve something better under the approaching régime of commercial TV than relegation to the ranks of the good old has-beens.

We all know the old Harding, his brooding petulance, his disdainful neglect of verbal conventions, his downright brusqueness. He became a star very largely on his reputation for unrelenting irascibility and unpredictable gusts of wit and rancour. He was the bear with a sore head, dangerous if annoyed, even more dangerous if ignored. It was not much on which to build lasting repute and steady bookings, and had there been any real competition at the B.B.C. Harding might not have made the grade. Ordinary listeners and viewers found him unique because he seemed to speak his mind without fear of censor, because he was never guilty of the ghastly good taste which is the hall-mark of ninety-nine scripts out of a hundred and the ruination of otherwise capable and interesting impromptu performers.

But Harding is rather more than the old grouch of the advertisements: he is also a vest-pocket philosopher. He followed Joad as purveyor of lightweight home truths, common sense and uncommon nonsense, and unlike Joad, whose expressed opinions suggested long and complicated processes of thought, he managed to make his views sound exactly like those of Tom, Dick and Harry. He



Harding Finds Out

GILBERT HARDING: PETER BAKER: JACQUELINE MACKENZIE

achieved popularity, or notoriety, because he had something to say and was not afraid to say it—a recipe which, we are told, will be adopted by *all* those who are to entertain us on the new commercial wavelength.

"Harding Finds Out" promises well. The framework of the programme can be modified at any moment to admit discussion in sound and vision of any problem of the hour, and it is possible that later editions will allow us to see topical film of the type that "News and Newareel" still denies us and glimpse personalities rather more dynamic and hard-hitting than those presented so far.

In the present set-up Harding presides over a most personable and eloquent team of reporters or fact-finders, who chip in casually with documentary evidence illuminating the chief's argument. Huw Wheldon, who produces this programme, has arranged Jacqueline MacKenzie and Peter Baker rather stiffly, in physical proximity reminiscent of the clerk's

table in a court of law, and the result is rather disturbing. We see Mr. Harding, the judge, as a personage remote and aloof, spatially superior to his young colleagues. It would be wiser surely to avoid the panel-game furniture and dispose Harding and company in comfortable easy chairs in some sort of sitting-room. And it would be helpful, I think, if Mr. Wheldon would arm the two investigators with material evidence of the type used in "Facts and Figures" (another Wheldon production—prepared, charted and described very ably by Messrs. Blackaby, Wurnser and Miall).

In the latest edition of "Harding Finds Out" we could have done with far more facts and figures about tipping and litter. They are available, interesting and they are pertinent: not use them?

they are interesting and they are pertinent: so why not use them?

The new blood injected into "In the News" has done a lot of good. This programme was moribund, collapsing before the repetitious and orderly tantrums of the old brigade: now, drawing on the recruits of a new Parliament, it is back where it was in the beginning—full of character, conflict and conjecture. I still think that "In the News" would be more acceptable if the chairman were in a position to challenge the panel on matters of fact, if, that is, he were able to produce unanswerable background information when argument becomes sterile for lack of it.

This team of juniors was extremely good. My one criticism of its doings is that two speakers became afflicted with third-syllable-itis, a distressing complaint marked by an exaggerated nasal aspiration of the odd vowel in three. Quite det-hheest-able to c-hhon-tem-plate!

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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**For cars of today —
and tomorrow**

To produce the new BP Super, petroleum spirit is passed through a catalyst impregnated with pure platinum. This re-forms the petroleum molecules so that you get a smoother-burning petrol which gives greater freedom from engine-knock and has more energy per gallon. This means that while new BP Super is ideal for all cars now on the road it

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**Livelier performance
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about your car's behaviour. And you'll keep on enjoying this livelier performance for a considerably longer period before your engine needs overhaul.

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* A catalyst is an agent which assists in producing a chemical change in other substances without being changed itself.



Success at Silverstone on new BP Super

In the Production Touring Car Race at the Daily Express Trophy meeting at Silverstone, Ken Wharton, using new BP Super in his Ford Zephyr, was placed first in the 2001 to 3000 c.c. class. Wharton's brilliant driving round the 25 laps of this 75 miles race showed what lively performance you can get from a car running on a super motor spirit. Because it is platinum-processed, new BP Super gives all cars more energy per gallon and greater freedom from engine-knock.

Photograph by courtesy of "The Autocar"

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MORE ENERGY PER GALLON!

THE BP SHIELD IS THE TRADE-MARK OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED



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"Luxury and
spacious comfort!"



Everyone's pleased with the **MG** Magnette

The 1½ litre M.G. Magnette provides its owner with the kind of motoring he really enjoys . . . snappy acceleration, rock-steady road-holding, climbing, cruising and cornering in safety fast! And with this liveliness of performance go all the luxuries a passenger could wish for — smoothness, silence, comfort and elegance. The interior woodwork is of rich polished walnut throughout. Upholstery is of real leather. The wide curved windscreen and extra large windows — all of safety-glass — give excellent all-round visibility. Your M.G. Dealer will be delighted to tell you more.



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...to wear in town or country

Our Oxford collar-attached sports shirt in neat checks is so well-cut and so comfortable that you'll be tempted to wear it on week-days as well as at week-ends. Coat style, single button cuff. Tan/black, blue/black, green/black, red/black, overchecks on white grounds. Collar sizes: 14½" to 17" 52/6.

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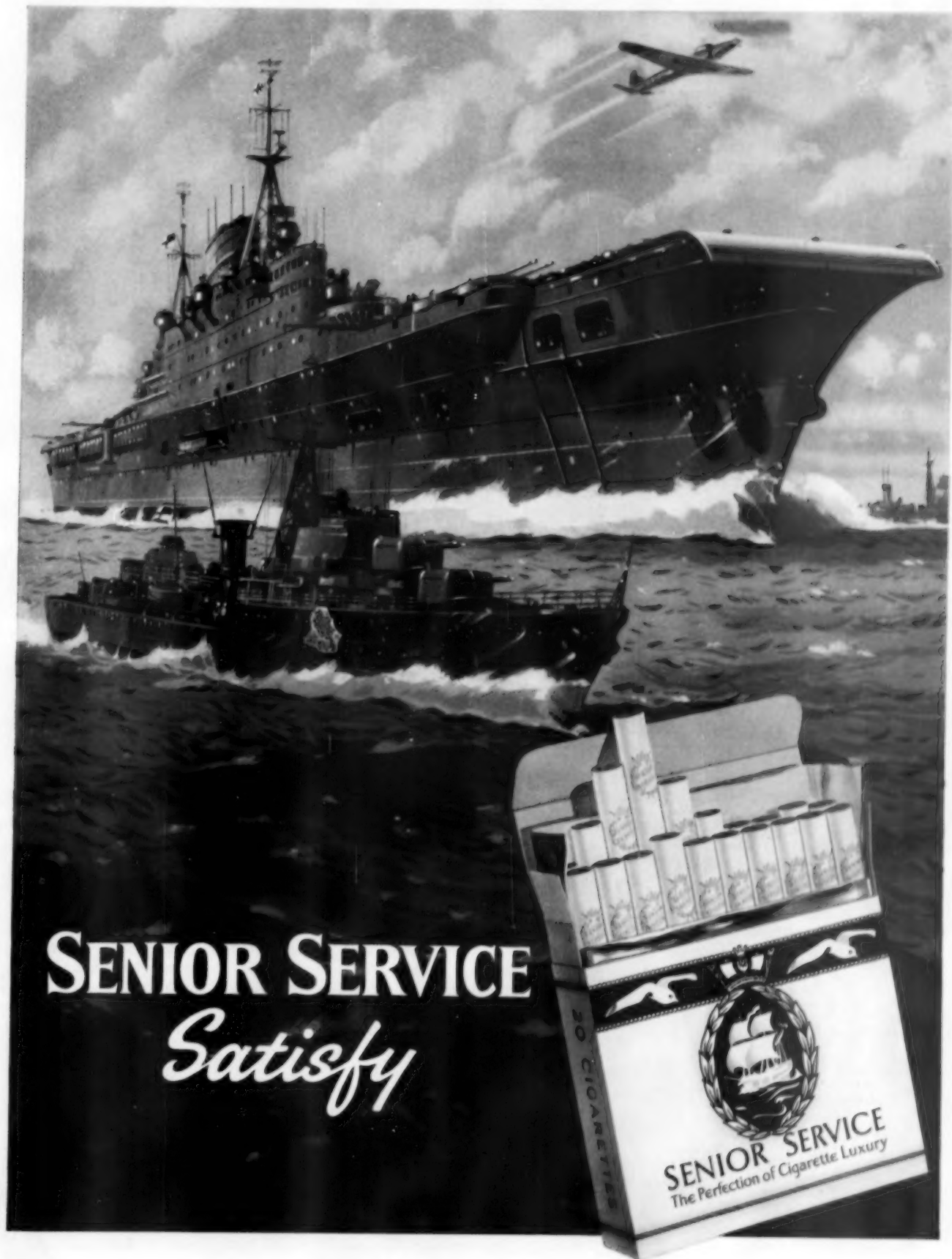
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See the ENGLISH ELECTRIC EA-83 at your local ENGLISH ELECTRIC Authorised Dealer or Electricity Service Centre. Hire Purchase Terms are available. Cash price £100.12.0. Plus Purchase Tax £38.0.0.

DAD was caught napping last night. But never again! Two little scalliwags now realise that bedtime means bedtime—not for night-raiding the family's new ENGLISH ELECTRIC EA-83! A beautiful refrigerator, isn't it? Enough room inside to take a banquet—even the door is a larder! Lots of refrigerated storage space means lots of advantages. You can do a week's food shopping in a day.

You can plan your meals well ahead. Left-overs won't 'go off'. Cake mixes and vegetables can be prepared today and stored until needed.

Here is the refrigerator to give you a fresh interest in food, more fun and more leisure. And please note this. It only occupies just over 5 square feet of floor space—fits any moderate sized kitchen comfortably!

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"For a man of thirty English summers, dear, you should be more perceptive! In a damp, mostly chilly climate beds should be well-aired all the year round. A "Warmabed" Electric Blanket's the answer—it happens to be the finest and most reliable made. "Warmabeds" are every bit pure wool which is far more satisfactory than substitutes. It retains the heat, you know."

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—two fingers of Noilly Prat, add ice, top with soda.

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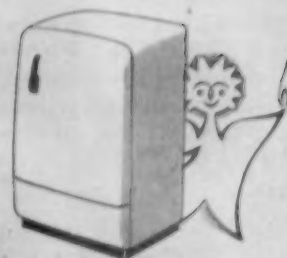
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**"so I said
to her,
I said . .**

. . . We've come to it at last. I knew we would. We've bought a gas refrigerator. Think of all the worry there has been about the milk turning sour, the food going off, the flies and dust and all those left-overs that go into the dustbin. Now we're all right whatever the weather. Now we'll know that the food will always be fresh and clean, cool and crisp . . . And I said: Why don't you get a gas refrigerator, too?"

Call at your gas showroom. There are various models of gas refrigerators in different sizes and prices to suit your need. You can buy one for a few shillings a week.



GAS - to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

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Press COOPER'S into Service!



AGAINST FLIES...

For quick knock-down and certain death to flies, wasps and mosquitoes, just press the button of a Cooper's Household Aerosol. They're clean, easy to handle, and ready for instant action—no filling, no pumping, no soiled hands. More powerful than ordinary flyspray, more lasting in effect, and more economical in use. Contains "Pybuthrin",* the safe, super-efficient flykiller. Non-inflammable, non-poisonous—you can use it in the larder if you like! Take a tin home today. **5/3 : 6/6 : 10/6**

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End unpleasant odours instantly with FRESH-air, Cooper's press-button air freshener. There's no waiting for it to take effect—simply press. A puff's enough for perfect freshness. **5/3**

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Up to 12 MONTHS protection against moth damage to stored clothes and furnishings—that's what you get after spraying them once with MOTH-air! Kills moths and their grubs. Pleasingly perfumed with lavender. Try it! **5/6:9/6**



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you won't find anything big in the way of assembly that we are not capable of handling. In fact, the larger they come the better we like it, whether it's in terms of size or quantity or both.

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Lincoln Cathedral

No great thing is created suddenly—

EPICETUS (1st CENTURY A.D.)

Everything grows. A tree, a house, a school of thought — each adds to itself carefully with the years. And when they are great, their growth is the more leisurely. A nation, a religion, a way of life — these ask not for generations, but for centuries.

Among the community's great organizations today industry has one of the longest histories. It can trace its course back for two centuries, to dark mills and primitive machines. Now, it serves the community's economic needs in a million ways, and provides the material foundation for modern standards of life and leisure. For, as industry's technical achievement grows, so does its field for service.

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**OFF-THE-TRACK MOTORIST
RE-FUELS AND WINS**



GUY GASKETT, the racing motorist, once appeared to be going places fast. Now the finishing flag seemed to be half-masted for him.

"How's tracks?" I asked him.

"Terrible congestion," he replied. "My innards have been giving me a rough ride lately. This constipation makes me feel as though I might go round the bend any minute."

"Obviously there must be something wrong with the fuel system," I said.

"What are you driving at?" asked Gaskett.

"I mean that your feed-pipe is blocked. You may not believe it but there are 30 feet of it inside you. And your bowel muscles can't get a grip on the soft, starchy food we eat nowadays. You lose revs."

"And then . . . ?" he asked, clutching his brow.

"Traffic block. You feel as if you're running on cinders. The only thing for you is bulk."

"Where can I get bulk?" he demanded.

"Kellogg's All-Bran. It keeps you ticking over and makes you regular."

"I hope so," he said, as he slowly steered himself away.

Next time I saw him was at Silverstone . . . Zip . . . and that was all. After he'd collected his winning trophy I went to see him.

"I just lap that All-Bran up," he said. "No more unpleasant sensations in the pit of the stomach."

"Then I deserve a Grand Prix, too," I said happily.

**WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES
CONSTIPATION**

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns and cakes. All grocers have it.

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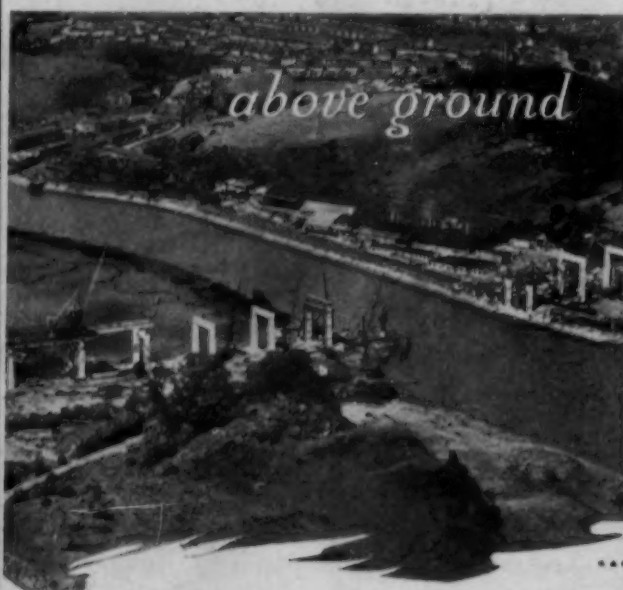
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Builders of Bridges & Fabricators of all types of structural steelwork

Comfortable . . . and easy to control

Hand Tricycles Ask for catalogue PU



Designed for comfort and for smooth, easy handling, demanding little energy for propulsion. **CARTERS' Hand Tricycles** are among the world's finest invalid carriages.

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By Appointment Invalid Furniture Manufacturers to the late King George VI.

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Wine and Spirit Merchants
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**PRINTS AND
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AND PRICE LIST FREE

OUR PORTRAIT STUDIO
SPECIALISES IN CHILDREN



Pattern for progress

Here, at Kemsley Mills—alongside the famous No. 5 machine, largest in the world—Bowaters are installing a huge new paper-making machine. It is as long as an aircraft hangar, a factory in its own right.

Its cost: over one million pounds. Yet, under the Bowater international development programme, **five more such machines are to be installed**—two at Thames Mills, two at Mersey Mills, the other at Bowaters' Tennessee Mills, expanding even now, so soon after their acclamation last year as the greatest Anglo-American industrial venture since the war.

Together these machines will produce some 370,000 tons of paper a year—a noticeable proportion of the entire world supply. They are the very heart of a master plan of expansion that includes new power stations and pulp mills, new factories for the manufacture of building board, corrugated containers and high-grade tissues. One of the great industrial enterprises of the century is under way.



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THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

Great Britain United States of America Canada Australia South Africa Republic of Ireland Norway Sweden

COME ON KITTENS! SHOPPING'S DONE—
THERE'S KIT-E-KAT FOR EVERYONE!



Yes! Cats and kittens really need the complete nourishment that Kit-E-Kat provides. There are several meals of this ready-to-serve food in every tin—packed full of the fish and meat that all cats love.

THE COMPLETE AND NOURISHING CAT FOOD

KIT-E-KAT CHOCK-FULL OF
FISH AND MEAT
cooked and ready to serve

Here to stay, but . . .

Contemporary styles have come to stay; but where fireplaces are concerned, there are a great many people who still prefer the bluff traditional lines. From the House of Royal Vention you will find designs to please all tastes and the superlative quality and craftsmanship for which we have always been renowned.



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VENTON**
FIREPLACES

JOHN STEVENTON & SONS LTD · BURSLEM
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GLUCOSE in it
gives you **GO**

Go ahead, get ahead, stay ahead with a refreshing drink of Robinson's Squash. Not only is it the SWEETER Squash—it's the finest way to stay well ahead of weariness. Robinson's Squash contains glucose—nature's quickest-acting energy restorer, giving renewed vitality when you need it—and as you like it. When you're feeling 'all-in' . . . take time out for the real refreshment of Robinson's Squash—the energy-giving fruit drink for the whole family.

*Before you say
SQUASH—say*

Robinson's

3/- ORANGE—LEMON—GRAPEFRUIT

Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame



CVS-29

STEEL
from stock

Prevailing conditions make it difficult to meet all demands. We are, however, doing everything possible to provide a fair share of our products to all our customers.

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Unique, unforgettable, the noble relics of Ceylon's amazing 2,000-year-old palaces, temples, shrines and monuments, treasures of art and craftsmanship, have for ages enthralled the world.

Ceylon provides other fascinations too; scenic beauties, wild-life, gorgeous birds, wondrous pageantries, endless recreative joys and amenities, all contributing to the happiest holiday of your life.



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The ALLEN ROTARY SICKLE

SELF-PROPELLED

This is the ideal machine for rough cutting (coarse grass, bracken, undergrowth, scrub, nettles, etc.). It is a first class engineering job throughout, being made by the manufacturers of the World famous Allen Motor Scythe.



ASK FOR A
DEMONSTRATION

- SELF-PROPELLED by powerful Villiers Mk. 25C engine.
- All mechanism and engine totally enclosed by easily removable shield.
- Drive to cutting and "travel" mechanism by non-twist V belts.
- Two clutch levers enable cutter and "travel" to be operated together or independently.
- Kick-starter conveniently placed.
- Large diameter driving wheels so essential for rough cutting.

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offers you value
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luxury washers

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